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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

FRENCH REVOLUTIONS: ROBESPIERRE.

The Life of Robespierre, &c. By G. H. Lewes. Chapman and Hall.

At no time could such a biography be more appropriate and useful than the present, when a wheel of similar political spokes has been going so rapidly round, and has not yet stopped its motion. From the past, and especially from the career of Robespierre and his contemporary strugglers and martyrs, most invaluable lessons are to be learnt. Every turn is as applicable to our day as to the preceding revolution. The same principles, desires, ambitions, are at work, and only modified in the scale and diversified by relative position and strength. (We do not here enter upon the democratic doctrines and schemes brought more substantially forward as elements of social re-organization.) This, then, is a volume to be earnestly recommended. It exhibits many a beacon light for public warning and instruction; and its blood-stained story has all the dreadful interest of the deepest tragedy.

A dedicatory preface to Mr. Swynfen Jervis opens the way to this narrative of madness and crime; the rise and fall of men and parties; the daring and desperation of crises; the orgies of the guillotine, and the massacres of thousands of victims. Fear, hate, treachery, conspiracy, sacrifice, and wholesale murder deform the atrocious period; and it is some consolation to think that the evils which have afflicted France (happily now quiescent) during the last twelve months have not been attended by the horrors of the Robespierian era of Terror.

The author has performed his task ably and impartially. Good common sense, drawing neither utter monsters nor idols for hero worship, is the great merit of his history. Robespierre spared nothing that stood in his way. He was sanguinary and remorseless; but still even he possessed some redeeming human qualities. Like the blood-hound, he pursued to the death every object or obstacle on his track; but he did not, like the mad-dog, turn aside from his course to destroy what did not cross him nor interfere with his pursuit.

Mr. Lewes sets all these matters lucidly before us, and truly observes (after telling us, by-the-by, that Catullus and Mr. Jervis are friends):—

"There has hitherto been no biography of Robespierre. Notices in Biographical Dictionaries and in Histories of the French Revolution, are the only records of a career which has left so deep an impression upon men's minds. It seemed, therefore, desirable on many accounts, that the materials for a more complete understanding of this remarkable man, scattered through numerous and not easily accessible volumes, should be brought together, and something like a connected view of his career—his opinions—and his acts be given to the public. The Revolution of February, 1848, by once more bringing Robespierre's name and doctrines into alarming prominence, suggested this undertaking; the time which has since elapsed, will show that it has been executed in no unseasonable haste."

To improve his work, M. Louis Blanc, of whom the author speaks as his friend, has placed at his disposal some unpublished MS. letters of Robespierre; and to him, Michelet, and Lamartine, Mr. Lewes candidly acknowledges his obligations for the most important facts and views in his own production. A sort of summary of the character, following the details to near their close, will afford a fair idea of his ability and manner:—

"The fifth act of this long and dismal tragedy now enlarged 165.]

opens, and the moral of the story begins to glimmer through its horrible events. Robespierre has gained his ambitious object: what use will he make of it? We have traced him step by step along his troubled path: we have seen him an obscure honest reformer, wishing to have abuses removed, but never contemplating the abolition of a constitutional monarchy. From that early stage, we have seen him gradually pass onwards to republicanism. We have seen him borne upon the tide of popularity, instigating insurrection, approving massacres, exasperating the minds of a furious people by fierce declamations and rabble-rousing words, denouncing every man whose power seemed an obstacle to the realization of his ideas—doing all this evil that good might come of it: that good being nothing less than a pure Republic. He has now nearly attained the culminating point of power. He is almost a dictator. Now commences the fearful task of realizing ideas—of passing from the easy office of criticism to the perilous office of action. He who so fiercely upbraided the acts of others, has now to act himself; he who was pitiless towards those who fell short of his ideal, taking no heed of obstacles, giving no credit for intentions, is now to be himself the butt of that opposition which he has hitherto directed against others. Patriotism, vague declamations about love of one's country and republican virtue will avail him no longer; powerful in opposition, these phrases are powerless in office. His business is to act, not to declaim. He has to govern a nation—and what a nation! Phrases will not govern it. It can only be governed by institutions, and those must be based upon ideas. What social ideas has Robespierre? None. He has nothing but aspirations. He desires a Republic; but he has not thought out even the most elementary plans of institutions necessary for a Republic. Face to face with the great problem of social misery—face to face with the terrible problem of government for an anarchical nation—he is powerless to solve it; powerless to shape that chaos into order.

"There is something to my mind infinitely tragic in such a situation."

Immediately previous to this:—

"On the 26th of April he delivered a remarkable speech, in which he showed that, however anxious he might be to relieve the poor, he was not, like his modern imitators, the advocate of spoliation."

"I propose," he said, "certain articles necessary to complete your theory of property. Let the word alarm no one. Degraded wretches! (*âmes de boue*!) who only prize gold, I do not wish to touch your treasures, however impure their source may be. You ought to know that the Agrarian law, of which you have spoken so much, is but a phantom created by scoundrels to frighten idiots. There was no need of a revolution to teach the Universe that the extreme disproportion of fortune is the source of many evils and of many crimes; but we are also not the less convinced that community of goods is a chimera. As for me, I think it still less necessary to private happiness than to public felicity. We had better render poverty honourable and liveable than proscribe wealth. The cottage of Fabricius need not envy the palace of Crassus. For my part, I would sooner be the son of Aristides, brought up at the expense of the Republic, than the presumptive heir of Xerxes, born in the corruption of courts, to occupy a throne adorned from the degradation of the people, glittering with public misery."

"He then defined property to be 'the right which every citizen has of enjoying and disposing of that portion of goods which is guaranteed him by the law. The right of property is limited, as are all other

rights, by the obligation of respecting the rights of other people. It should neither be prejudicial to the safety, nor to the liberty, nor to the existence, nor to the property of our fellow-men. All property which violates this principle is illicit and immoral."

These are moderate and sound ideas, but they occurred only to be promulgated for his self-aggrandizement.

"He had favoured anarchy only so far as he believed necessary to the triumph of the revolution. It now seemed time to take a stand against the instigators of the disorder. He allowed himself no repose. Though ill and exhausted by mental labours which would have destroyed most men, he devoted himself with greater ardour to the pursuit of his ideal government. His attitude and language were completely changed. He strove to rally public opinion in the Convention, through the Jacobins; to resist the anarchical encroachments of the Commune; in a word, he strove to establish harmony and unity of action. In the organization of the committee of government, he was more assiduous than ever. At the meetings of the Jacobins, he turned all the thoughts of this society towards the great problems of social organization."

"Among the papers found in Robespierre's lodgings there were two notes in his hand-writing, without date, but which from internal evidence belong to this period. They are too significant to be omitted:—

"There must be but one will (*il faut une volonté, une*).

"And this must be republican or royalist."

"If it be republican, it is necessary to have republican ministers, republican papers, republican deputies, and a republican government."

"The foreign war is a mortal disease, whereas the malady of political society is revolution, and the division among the people."

"Our internal dangers come from the bourgeoisie, to conquer the bourgeoisie, we must rally the people."

"Everything was disposed to place the people under the yoke of the bourgeoisie, and to make the defenders of the republic perish on the scaffold."

"They have triumphed at Marseilles, at Bourdeaux, and at Lyons. They would have triumphed at Paris, had it not been for the present insurrection. It is necessary that the insurrection should continue, until the necessary measures are taken to save the republic. It is necessary that the people should ally themselves with the Convention, and that the Convention should make use of the people."

"It is necessary that the insurrection should extend step by step, on the same plan; that the sans-culottes should be paid, and should remain in the towns; they must have arms given them, and be enlightened. The republican enthusiasm must be excited by all possible means. If the deputies are dismissed, the republic is lost; they will continue to mislead the departments; while their substitutes would not be any better."

"This is the second:—

"What is our aim?

"The execution of the Constitution in favour of the people."

"Who are our enemies?

"The vicious and the rich."

"What are the means they employ?

"Calumny and hypocrisy."

"What causes favour the employment of these means?

"The ignorance of the sans-culottes. It is necessary, therefore, to enlighten the people. Mercenary writers mislead them by impudent daily impostures."

"What do we conclude from this?

"First, that these writers must be proscribed, as the most dangerous enemies of the country; second, that we must distribute good writings with profusion."

"What are the other obstacles to the establishment of liberty?"

"Foreign war and civil war."

"What are the means of terminating foreign war?"

"Placing republican generals at the head of our armies, and punishing those who have betrayed us."

"What are the means of terminating civil war?"

"The punishment of traitors and conspirators: above all, the culpable deputies and administrators; to send patriotic troops, under patriotic chiefs, to crush the aristocrats of Lyons, of Marseilles, of Toulon, of La Vendée, of the Jura, and of all the other countries where the standard of rebellion and of royalism has been raised; and to make terrible examples of all those wretches who have outraged liberty, and spilled the blood of patriots."

"First: proscription of perfidious and counter-revolutionary writers; propagation of patriotic writings. Second: punishment of traitors and conspirators, above all, the culpable deputies and administrators. Third: nomination of patriotic generals; destitution and punishment of others; and Fourth: subsistence and popular laws."

"It is worthy of remark, how Robespierre here insists upon the proscription of opinion; he who had so eloquently argued for liberty of the press! But it is only the difference between a speaker in opposition and a minister. His proscription is paralleled by the energetic decision of Cavaignac, who, immediately on receiving the dictatorship of June 1848, arrested Emile Girardin, and forbade the appearance of all such newspapers as he considered anarchical in their tendency."

Well might we say that the same kind of wheel with the same kind of spokes makes a same kind of revolution in half a century. Of the peculiarities belonging to the different epochs, the following is an example:—

"It should be observed that Robespierre was in decided antagonism to the Committee of Public Safety, of which he was a member; and his policy was far from prevailing in it. Because Robespierre best personifies the revolution, it has long been the custom to attribute to him the whole, or greater part of the responsibility of the acts of the Committee. But in truth he merited

'Ni cet excès d'honneur, ni cette indignité.'

M. Louis Blanc told me of a curious fact relative to Robespierre's share in the executions which decimated France at that period. 'If,' said he, 'there is one name of those belonging to the Committee which by almost universal consent has been allowed to escape infamy, it is that of Carnot; and if there is a name which has been execrated it is that of Robespierre. Well; the records of that period show us Carnot's signature affixed to almost every sentence, while the signature of Robespierre is excessively rare!' This curious fact is the best answer to the formidable array of figures which the 'Quarterly Review' brings forward to show how the number of executions increased after Robespierre's entry into the tribunal. The editors of the *Histoire Parlementaire* remark that Robespierre's real predominance commenced on the 7th of May, 1794, and finished on the 23rd of June; but it was during the first six months which preceded his reign, and during the forty days which elapsed after his participation in the government, that the greatest number of heads fell. This does not appear to be quite accurate. The executions in 1794 were:

January . . . 83

February . . 75

March . . . 123

April . . . 263

May . . . 324

June . . . 672 His predominance.

July . . . 835 His attendance ceased.

"From the 6th, in June, must be deducted 199 executed after the 23rd, leaving 473 for that portion of the month during which Robespierre was an attendant on the Committee."

"These figures show a very rapid increase; but that was only the action of a political engine—the Terror. It must not wholly be laid at Robespierre's door."

Let us drop the curtain on the final retribution. Robespierre and his associates, driven from the Convention, have assembled in the Hotel de Ville, where

"A profound silence reigned at the Hotel de Ville, and all at once the report of fire-arms was heard within, and cries of horror followed. Dulac, a resolute agent of the Committee of General Safety, at the head of five-and-twenty sappers, and a party of grenadiers, crossed the square, and beating down the doors with hatchets, ascended the grand staircase."

"Mute and motionless, around a table in the Salle d'Egalité, Robespierre and his companions listen to the sounds without; their eyes fixed on the door awaiting their fate. Robespierre is dressed in the sky blue coat, and nankeen trousers, which he had made for the Festival of the Supreme Being. Lebas, armed with a brace of pistols, presents one to Robespierre, conjuring him to put an end to his existence; but Robespierre, although he always carried poison about him, refuses to commit suicide. Saint Just, and Couthon, side with him. And now the jingling noise of arms becomes frightfully distinct. Lebas places a pistol to his heart, and in another instant falls dead into the arms of Robespierre the younger, who leaps out of window into the court, breaking a leg in the fall. Coffinhal makes the chambers and lobbies resound with his imprecations and hurried footsteps. He meets with Henriot, in a stupor of terror and wine, reproaches him for his cowardly conduct, then seizing him in his arms, hurls him out of the window on a dunghill, exclaiming, 'Away, wretched drunkard, you are not worthy of a scaffold!'

"Meanwhile Leonard Bourdon draws up his men in order of battle before the steps leading to the Hotel de Ville; ascends them himself, accompanied by five gens d'armes and a detachment of soldiers. Dulac joins them; the whole party rushes eagerly towards the Salle de l'Egalité, where, with the butt-ends of their muskets, they drive in the door, amidst cries of 'Down with the tyrant!' The poor tyrant, pale, and anxious, is sitting silent at the table. Leonard Bourdon dares not meet his look. With his right hand he seizes Meda's arm, and points with his left at Robespierre, exclaiming, 'That's the man!' Meda levels his pistol, fires, and the head of the unhappy Robespierre drops on the table, staining with blood the proclamation, before mentioned.* The ball has entered the left side of his face, and carried away several of his teeth. Couthon endeavours to rise upon his withered limbs, but staggers under the table. St. Just, the inexorable, imperturbable, and not unheroic fanatic, sits motionless at the table, now gazing mournfully at Robespierre, now with proud looks of defiance eying his enemies. In a few minutes all the prisoners are marched off in triumph to the Convention. The grey dawn gently stealing over the sky discovers Robespierre carried on a litter by four gens d'armes, his face covered with a handkerchief steeped in blood. At five o'clock, a column of soldiers enters the Tuilleries, where the Convention is awaiting the termination of the affair. A loud murmur proclaims the approach of Barras and Fréron. Charlier is acting as President. 'The coward Robespierre is there,' he cries, pointing to the door. 'Shall he come in?' 'No! no!' exclaimed the members, some from horror, others from pity. 'To bring before the Convention the body of so great a criminal, would be to rob this day of its glory. The corpse of a tyrant can only bring contagion with it. The only spot for Robespierre and his accomplices is the Place de la Revolution.'

"Meanwhile Robespierre is laid upon a table in the adjoining ante-room. His head supported by the back of a chair; his sky-blue coat, and nankeen trousers, are stained with blood; his stockings are

* "This curious paper is extant, and in the possession of M. Saint Albin. The letters Rob- of Robespierre's unfinished signature, are still legible on the blood-stained paper."

fallen down over his ankles. Crowds flock in, clamber on stools and benches, and look with strange curiosity and malicious triumph at this idol and ruler of the Republic, now fallen so low! They shower on him expressions of contempt, invective, and abuse. The officers of the Convention point him out to the spectators, as a tiger is pointed out in a menagerie. He closes his eyes and feigns death, to escape the insults and curses heaped upon him. 'Search him,' exclaims the crowd. He is searched. A brace of pistols, in a case, with the arms of France engraved upon them, is found in his pocket. 'What a villain!' cry the bystanders. 'Here is proof of his aspiring to the throne. He uses the symbols of royalty.* There was also found upon him a pocket-book, containing bank-notes and bills to the amount of 400*l*. There is no reason to suppose this money belonged to him. It was, in all probability, public money, and about to be applied to public use. All attempts to throw even a suspicion of pecuniary corruptibility upon him have signally failed. There were only a few francs found in his lodgings after his death.

"His colleagues enter and insult him; some even spit in his face; while the clerks of the Bureau prick him with their penknives. Legendre, entering the Salle, approaches the body, and in theatrical gesture apostrophises it:—'So then, tyrant! you, for whom only yesterday the Republic was not vast enough, occupy to-day about two feet wide of a little table! What must have been Robespierre's scorn at the man who had so frequently followed him with fulsome adulation, now triumphing over him in his last hour.

"There he lies motionless and apparently unconscious. The blood which flowed from his wounds has coagulated in his mouth. Regaining a little strength, he staunches this blood with the fur that covered the case of his pistols. His dim eye wanders vacantly among the crowd, there seeking some friendly countenance; there endeavouring to read justice or compassion. But in vain, in vain! Horror alone is imprinted on every face; the unhappy man shudders and closes his eyes. The heat of the chamber is intense. A burning fever glows on his cheeks, streams of perspiration pour from his brow. Not one hand is extended to assist him. Beside him, on the table, they have placed a cup of vinegar and a sponge. From time to time he moistens the sponge and applies it to his lips."

Thence to the Conciergerie,† and onward to the tribunal of Fouquier Tinville, the transition was rapid enough:—

"At five the carts came for the prisoners. Strange and ghastly burden did they bear that day! Not only were the prisoners men whose names had been venerated and execrated as names have seldom been, but Robespierre, his brother, Couthon, Lebas, and Henriot, were merely the mangled remains of men. These mangled remains were tied down to a cart, the jolting of which over the stones of the street extorted from them groans of pain. Through the most populous streets wended this hideous procession, and the windows, doors, and balconies, were crowded with spectators, especially with women dressed as for a fête. Strange sights had been seen from those balconies, strange processions had passed down those streets—a king, a queen, royal princes and princesses, orators, sycophants, traitors, men of high integrity and noble genius, and men of foulest hearts and desperate lives—the youth, genius, beauty, and virtue of the Gironde, and the hideous obscenity and brutality of the Hébertists—but who could have expected to see the incorruptible Robespierre and the imperturbable St. Just following in that train which they had swelled with their victims? The fall of

* "These pistols, shut up in their case, still loaded, proved that Robespierre did not shoot himself. Some accounts, and even the surgeon's testimony, are cited to prove that he must have shot himself; but, although the evidence, with the exception of that cited above, is pretty equally balanced, yet that must be held as decisive. Besides, did he not refuse to commit suicide?"

† They were all placed in one dungeon together with the corpse of Lebas.

Danton stupefied the spectators, but what was Danton to Robespierre!

"And women gaily attired clapped their hands for joy, exclaiming, 'Death! Death! To the Guillotine!' The children and the friends of those who had fallen during the Terror, now shrieked in triumph over the fall of the dictator.

"And the people? What was the attitude of that people Robespierre had flattered, had served, and had roused to combat—that people for whom he had saved, and who almost worshipped his name? It was silent. It knew not what to think or what to do. It abandoned its idol as it had abandoned Danton, Camille, and Hébert.

"The procession moved on amidst curses; not one friendly voice relieved the weight of all the imprecations. The head of the unfortunate Robespierre was tied up in a bloodstained handkerchief, which passing under his chin, left only the cheek, the forehead, and the eyes visible. He shrugged his shoulders as if in pity for the mob which insulted him. His aspect was calm and resigned. He made no attempt to speak. His thoughts were no longer of this world.

"Once indeed he exhibited a touch of feeling. As the procession passed the house of Duplay, a lad carrying a pail of blood dipped a broom into it, and bespattered the walls. Robespierre closed his eyes: he could not bear that sight!

"At length they reached la Place de la Revolution. Not a word did they address to the people. Their doom was inevitable, and they believed they died as martyrs. Robespierre mounted the ladder with a firm step. The executioners tore off the bandage which bound up his chin, in order to prevent its deadening the blow of the axe. Released from its support his lower jaw fell upon his breast; the piercing cry it extorted was heard on the opposite side of the Place de la Revolution. It was succeeded by a dead silence—the silence of the grave—broken by a dull, sullen noise. Down clanked the axe, and the head of Robespierre rolled into the basket. The crowd held their breath for some seconds, and then, as if an enormous load were rolled from their breasts, burst into a loud and unanimous cheer. The spectators shed tears of joy, and embraced each other in transport, crowding around the scaffold to behold the bloody remains of the tyrants. One man approaching said, 'Yes, Robespierre, there is a God!'

"And thus this strange mystery of a man passed away into eternity!

"On that evening at the Opera, they performed Gluck's 'Armida,' with the ballet of 'Telemaque;' and the Opera Comique delighted its audience with 'Melomanie!'

LAST DAYS OF DEAN SWIFT.

The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life; with an Appendix containing several of his Poems hitherto unpublished, &c. By W. R. Wilde. Dublin: Hodges and Smith.

WITH a portrait of Stella, and also another reputed likeness from a singular medallion (p. 121), this is altogether an interesting work, which throws new light upon the latter years of a very extraordinary character. The history of the disease under which Swift suffered so long, and finally sunk, is minutely traced and investigated with medical precision; and the second *post mortem* examination of his remains in 1835, when the repairs of the cathedral led to their being exhumed, is described in a manner which brings the subject closer to our own day, by nearly a century. Among several coffins in the aisle, those of Swift and Stella were found side by side, and the late Dr. Houston, who made a scientific report on their contents, certainly gratified no small degree of curiosity by showing the skulls, during a week or ten days, to a number of persons, with remarks upon their phrenological development—

"The bones were all clean, and in a singularly perfect state of preservation. When first removed, they were nearly black; but on being dried they assumed a brownish colour. The water in which they were immersed was remarkably free from putrefac-

tion; even the wood of the coffin was perfectly sound and unbroken."

It is stated that they were returned to their resting place with the exception of "the larynx, the ossified fragments of which were abstracted by a bystander, a countryman of Swift's, who carried them to the city of New York, U.S." Mr. Hamilton is quoted for the following observations—

"On looking at Swift's skull, the first thing that struck me was the extreme lowness of the forehead, those parts which the phrenologists have marked out as the organs of wit, causality, and comparison, being scarcely developed at all; but the head rose gradually, and was high from benevolence backwards. The portion of the occipital bone assigned to the animal propensities, philo-progenitiveness and amativeness, &c., appeared excessive. The side view shewed great elevation above the level of the horizontal line drawn through the meatus auditorius externus. The front view exhibited extreme width of the forehead, large frontal sinuses, and very well-marked external canthi. The orbits were very large, and the orbital plates of the frontal bone very flat, allowing room for great development of the anterior lobes of the cerebrum, and great width of the root of the nose, making the space between the orbits unusually large. On the inside of the upper segment of the skull the groove for the middle meningeal artery was remarkably deep, as were also the depressions for the glandulæ Pacciottæ. The frontal bone was very thick, but the osseous structure did not appear to me to be diseased. It was, however, when looking into the interior, and examining the base, that the wonderful capacity of the skull became apparent. * * *

"Although the skull, phrenologically considered, might be thought deficient, yet its capacity was, in reality, very great, capable of containing such a brain as we might expect in so remarkable a genius. I took an ordinary skull, and making a section of it on the same level with that of Swift's, I compared their outlines (drawn on paper) together, and found that the latter exceeded it in a very remarkable manner, particularly in its transverse diameter."

The bust made from a mask after death bears a remarkable likeness to the late Rev. Sidney Smith (see p. 66). Of the cranium of Stella it is stated—

"This skull is a perfect model of symmetry and beauty. Its outline is one of the most graceful we have ever seen; the teeth, which, for their whiteness and regularity were, in life, the theme of general admiration, were, perhaps, the most perfect ever witnessed in a skull. On the whole, it is no great stretch of the imagination to clothe and decorate this skull again with its alabaster skin, on which the rose had slightly bloomed; to adorn it with its original luxuriant dark hair, its white, expanded forehead, level, pencilled eye-brows, and deep, dark, lustrous eyes, its high prominent nose, its delicately chiselled mouth, and pouting upper lip, its full, rounded chin, and long but gracefully swelling neck,—when we shall find it realize all that description has handed down to us of an intellectual beauty of the style of those painted by Kneller, and with an outline and form of head accurately corresponding to the pictures of Stella which still exist."

For the accuracy of the foregoing we are enabled to vouch; for being in Dublin at the time, we examined both the yellow chapskull; and as if in mockery of death closed them as in living love together. The forehead of Swift was excessively low, and the whole form of Stella's skull truly a model of beauty. It struck us at the moment as having a strange resemblance to that of Pope, in which the small and feminine proportions, and very graceful shape, could not be paralleled in the collection of ten thousand male specimens.

But leaving the mortal for the literary remains, we read—

"There still exists a number of anecdotes relative to Swift, both among the gentry of Ireland and the working classes in the Liberty of this city. These, could they be depended upon, would of themselves occupy a large space in this memoir; but it is not our object to enlarge it by inserting them.

"A family named Christie, whose descendants now reside in the neighbourhood of Swords, have long possessed a pocket-book of the Dean's, which the present owner has, through the influence of the Rev. William Ormsby, kindly lent us for the purpose of this essay. It is an interleaved copy of one of Harward's Almanacks, 'A Prognostication for the year of our Lord God, 1686,' each blank leaf and portions of many of the others being filled with manuscript entirely in the Dean's handwriting. This manuscript is mostly poetry, consisting of fragments of verses, and some of his earlier poems never published.

"Some of these early effusions are in the grossest style of the period, and consequently unfit for original publication at the present time. They are nearly all political, and the greater number of them refer to the reign of James II., particularly about the period of the expected birth of the Prince of Wales, 1688. Swift was at this time a student of Trinity College; and these were, probably, written shortly before he went to England, in the beginning of 1689. Others are as late as the reign of Anne. The book is much injured in several places, and the leaves so much worn at the edges that it is often with difficulty the full meaning of the lines can be made out. Although of but little poetic merit, they are interesting not only on account of their author, but from their historic associations. Scott was of opinion that Swift first wooed the Muses during his early residence with Sir W. Temple, in 1692; but he himself acknowledged that, long prior to that, he had 'written, burned, and written again, upon all manner of subjects, more than, perhaps, any man in England.'"

The description is faithful, and therefore we shall not need to trespass far upon this repository. The subjoined examples may suffice, especially as we must believe that our review will recommend the volume to many literary hands—

"We find in Swift's handwriting in the manuscript before us three anti-Popery ballads; the two first of considerable length; the third is defective. They are all powerful satires on the Roman Catholic religion, its belief, forms, and miracles, &c. The first is, 'The Catholique Ballad; or, an Invitation to Popery, to the tune of '88.' It also is copied into the 'Whimsical Miscellany,' with this addition to the heading, 'Upon considerable grounds and reasons, 1698.' The first two verses are:—

"Since Popery of late is so much in debate,
And great strivings have been to restore it,
I cannot forbear openly to declare
That the ballad-makers are for it.

"We'll dispute no more then; these heretical men
Have exposed our books unto laughter,
So that many do say, 'twill be the best way
To sing for the cause hereafter.

"And so it extends to thirty-two verses in two parts.

"The second ballad is—

"A CONTINUATION OF THE CATHOLIQUE BALLAD INVITING TO POPERY UPON THE BEST GROUNDS AND REASONS THAT COULD EVER YET BE PROVIDED.

"TO AN EXCELLENT TUNE CALLED 'THE POWDER PLOT.'

"From infallible Rome once more I am come
With a budget of Catholic ware,
Shall dazzle your eyes, and fancies surprise,
To embrace a religion so rare.

"O! the love and good will of his Holiness still,
What will he not do for to save ye?
If such pains and such art cannot you convert,
'Tis pity but Old Nick should have ye.

"There are thirty-one verses of this composition, several of which are defective."

Again—

"The following poem, of which we possess two copies,—one in the Dean's pocket-book, and the other, also in manuscript, preserved among a collection of broadsides to be described hereafter,—is one of the most remarkable of the set, and contains greater evidence of being Swift's, both in its composition and style, as well as the circumstances to which it alludes, than any of the foregoing. Swift wrote two poems precisely similar to this, both in the rhyme, and in the termination of several of the lines.

One is 'Jack Frenchman's Lamentation,' a song upon the battle of Oudenarde, written in 1708, which commences with the line adopted as the tune of the accompanying verses, 'Ye Commons and Peers.' From the circumstances mentioned in this poem of the 'Whigs' Lamentation,' it evidently refers to, and was probably written in the period between the vicereignty of the Earl of Wharton in 1711, and the death of Queen Anne in 1714, when the Duke of Ormonde was Lord Lieutenant. The 'Orthodox Churchman,' alluded to in the first verse, was, most likely, Swift himself, but what the occasion to which the early part of this poem refers, we cannot at present discover. He was at one period accused of favouring the House of Stuart and the Pretender, and several gross insults were in consequence heaped upon him by the Whigs in Dublin at that time. Mr. W. Monck Mason writes: 'Being the only one in Ireland against whom a charge could be made of having an immediate hand in such a design, Swift became the chief object of party rage.' He was also grossly insulted by Lord Blaney, and shortly after, upon the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, he was so much alarmed for his safety, that he had made arrangements for leaving the kingdom. The Recorder mentioned in the eighth verse is manifestly Foster, the parody on whose speech to the Duke of Ormonde, in 1711, has been rescued from oblivion by the learned Dr. Barrett.

"AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD;

"OR, THE WHIGGS' LAMENTATION, OCCASIONED BY A SORE OF THEIR OWN SCATCHING, TO THE TUNE OF 'COMMONS AND PEERS.'

"At a sessions of late
There arose a debate
Which the Dons of the country resented,
When an hot-headed jury,
With less wit than fury,
An orthodox churchman presented.

"By a Peer at their head
These managers led,
They boldly petitioned His Grace,
With tumult, and riot,
And zeal most unquiet,
To preserve the Queen's Majesty's peace.

"But the good man in black,
Who no courage did lack,
Would not bate the proud noble an ace,
Tho' he huff'd and look big, Sir,
And Hector'd at Higg, Sir,
Yet he bravely supported his place.

"Then to bully and boast,
They began with a toast
To William, their hero so brave;
Ah! Sirs, I profess
'Tis a sorrowful case
To disturb a man's rest in his grave.

"In peace let him be,
With his great memory,
Whilst our Gracious Queen Anne fills the throne;
By birth and by merit
Long may she inherit,
In spite of the Whiggs, what's her owne.

"But her foes who unite
To invade her just right,
Would be their own monarch's electors;
To pull high-flyers down,
These fast friends to the Crown,
And set up themselves for Protectors.

"The sharpeners still aim
At the forty-one game,
Enraged while they court moderation,
That knaves may turn trumps,
And the Parliament Rumps
Palm bad votes for good laws on the nation."

There is a great deal more, but this sample must suffice, and indeed we must now bid farewell to the work, which we cannot do better than with its own last page—

"We cannot conclude this catalogue of some of the curiosities of this collection, without quoting a portion of one manuscript rhyme of ninety lines, the authorship of which is acknowledged 'by Dean Swift,' in his own hand, underneath the heading. This consists of three parts; the first is, 'Advice to a Parson, an Epigram,' applicable, perhaps, to that time, and consisting of but ten lines—

"Would you rise in the Church, be stupid and dull,—
Be empty of learning, of insolence full;
Though light and immoral, be formal and grave;
In flattering, an artist; in fawning, a slave;

No merit, no science, no virtue is wanting
In him that's accomplished in cringing and canting.
Be studious to practice true meanness of spirit;
And who but Lord Bolton was nifted for merit?
Would you wish to be wrap'd in a rochet?—in short,
Be as gross and profane as fanatical H—t."

"An Epigram on seeing a worthy Prelate go out of Church in the time of Divine Service, to wait on His Grace the D. of Dorset, on his coming to Town:—

"Lord Pain in the church (could you think it?) kneel'd down,
When told that the Duke was just came to town,—
His station despising, unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his God to attend on His Grace.
To the Court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no hand in his Lordship's promotion."

DISEASES OF OLD AGE.

A Practical Treatise on the Domestic Management and most important Diseases of Advanced Life.
By George E. Day, M.D., &c. &c. 1 vol. 8vo.
Pp. 342. Boones.

It is a curious fact, that although we have many excellent works on the diseases of children, we have hitherto had none devoted to the sole consideration of the maladies of advanced life. Yet the form and symptoms which diseases belonging to all periods of life assume, are as much influenced by the state of organism in advanced, as in early life; while at the same time deteriorated vitality, long tried organisms, and worn out structures, exhibit new pathological phenomena, more or less peculiar to old age.

Anatomical changes in the respiratory organs and modifications in their functions; modifications in the nervous system and its functions; insulation of the different organs; changes in the digestive organs; imperfect formation of blood; changes in the organs of circulation, are so many results incidental to advanced life, and so many causes of inconvenience, suffering, and disease.

After a detailed and satisfactory consideration of the diet and rules and habits of life best adapted to preserve health in old age, the experienced author of the work before us, treats at length of the forms of disease as more particularly presented by the different systems in declining life. Medical statistics attest that out of a thousand persons who attain 60 years of age, about 285 die of old age, 237 of diseases of the respiratory organs, 130 of diseases of the nervous system, 59 of diseases of the digestive system, 53 of diseases of the circulating system, 20 of diarrhoea, 14 of influenza, 7 of erysipelas, and the remainder of more mixed disease. Dr. Day has accordingly treated of the diseases of advanced life in proportion to their frequency and importance, not omitting that sudden and often almost inexplicable decline of the vital powers which Sir Henry Hallford designated as a climacteric disease, but which is in reality far oftener the reaction of mental depression—of anxiety and sorrow—upon the vital functions.

The main novelty proposed by the doctor in the treatment of diseases of old age, but more especially in lumbago, sciatica, paralysis, &c., is a method of counter-irritation as yet little in use, and which consists in heating a metallic button of about half an inch in diameter, and connected by an iron shank with a small wooden handle, and then either touching the surface of the part affected at intervals of half an inch, or lightly drawing the flat surface of the heated button over the affected part. This is designated as the Thermic treatment, and is well worthy of the attention of the profession. On other more general points the work addresses itself to a large class of the community, and is at present the only one of its kind.

CHEMISTRY APPLIED.

Knapp's Chemical Technology; or, Chemistry applied to the Arts and to Manufactures.—Vol. I. Library of Illustrated Standard Scientific Works.—Vol. III. Baillière.

This work, in itself valuable and useful, is much indebted for its increased worth both to translators and publisher. By the former new matter has been

introduced and appended; and by the latter, both old and new have been admirably illustrated. Illustrations for works of all descriptions is the order of the day, but nowhere are they more welcome than in scientific works, especially of technology, where they so greatly aid the ready comprehension of the processes employed in the arts. This volume abounds with them, and as a specimen of the *Library of Illustrated Standard Scientific Works* is very attractive, and an inducement to order the whole series. There are no initials or other distinguishing mark whereby to recognise the wood engraver; but we seem to identify the hand of the illustrator of *Regnault's Chemistry* by the same publisher, we believe, than whom no one was ever more correct or clear. But a word for the work itself, and for the labours of the editors. The *cui bono* scientific class is unquestionably the most numerous, and to its members will this work be a decided boon. This first volume comprises branches of manufacture depending upon the process of combustion, and processes of manufacture concerned in the production and application of the alkalies and earths. To the latter the translators have contributed greatly, and we may instance in the production of sulphuric acid—Mr. Bell's steam jet and coke columns, and Gay-Lussac's series of chambers, to which coke columns are attached. We can truly recommend the *Library* to the public.

The editors, lamenting the waste of alkali in the Swansea copper works alone, and its pernicious effects on the surrounding vegetation; and over this fact, coupled with the enormous loss of coal in the smelting of iron, attribute it to the difficulty attending the acquisition of sound scientific knowledge in this country, and say we have no *Gewerbe Schule*, no *Ecole des Mines*, no *Ecole Polytechnique*! We trust, however, that this reproach will soon pass from us, and that the "School of Mines," or (with whatever other title may be given to it) the contemplated establishment, under the able officers of the Museum of Practical Geology, may fulfil the mission, rival and excel the above-named schools, and spread its influence through the length and breadth of our native land.

THE CAVENDISH SOCIETY.

Hand-Book of Chemistry. By L. Gmelin. Vol. I. Translated by H. Watts. Printed for the Cavendish Society.

Gmelin's Standard Work is too well known (in repute even by those unacquainted with the original text) to call for any lengthened notice from us. Our province in regard to it is more to laud the auspices under which it takes its present form and tongue, and to congratulate the British student upon such an aid and acquisition. The English *Handbuch der Chemie*, moreover, has come from the hands of a competent and congenial translator, and is enriched, in a kindred form and spirit, with numerous additions from more recent researches. It is only on the re-issue as it were of such a work, advancing with the progress of research, that the mind can truly realize the rapid strides of modern science. Since 1843, the discoveries in relation to the subjects of this volume (namely, Cohesion, Adhesion, Affinity, Light, Heat, and Electricity) are not only numerous but important, and they have been judiciously introduced by Mr. Watts, so as not to interfere with the original work. "Judiciously," indeed, applies in its fullest force to every step, from the selection to the production of this "Cavendish" issue, which must enhance the estimation in which the Society is held, and deservedly increase the number of its members.

NEW NOVELS.

My Uncle the Curate: a Novel. By the Author of "The Bachelor of the Albany," &c. Chapman and Hall.

The forerunner to this novel, *The Bachelor of the Albany*, deservedly met with a popular reception, and at once established its young author as a more than promising writer of fiction and drawer of character. The same qualities shine in the present work, to the

details of which throughout the epithets of very smart and clever can fairly be applied; whilst there is a plot sufficient for a Spanish play or a German melodrama; and the individuals who act their parts in it are represented with much variety, skill, and consistency. Except the sailing of two young English friends in a yacht from the waters of Southampton, and some previous account of them and landscape descriptions, the scene is laid on the sea-shore in the county of Donegal, and the events are connected with the family and neighbours of a Mr. Spenser, who is incumbent of the parish of Redcross, married to a second wife, and with two daughters by the first, one of whom is the heroine of the tale; for the yacht gets into that quarter, and the parties are soon complicated together in every shape of social relation. Mr. Spenser and his wife, especially the latter, are excellent pieces of portraiture; the two daughters are well contrasted, and the son (by the present lady) together with a villainous companion, who is betraying him at the age of eighteen into the trammels of vice, are also laudably portrayed, both as regards Novel and Nature. Then there is a Herculean brother-in-law of the rector, viz. "My Uncle," his Curate, with a wife, to form the pose to Mrs. Spenser; a cunning, mischievous governess* over the younger Spenser branches, and toadying their Ma; the hero and his friend of the yacht, and a number of minor personages, such as the proctors, agents of absentees, rascally accomplices of the plotter, and others needful to carry on the successive circumstances and changes of the three volumes in hand.

To give our readers some idea of the talent displayed, without infringing on the story, we shall select the matrimonial pair of seniors, to supply us with at least a few traits of their lineaments:—

"The rector had been more fortunate in his first than in his second marriage. His first wife was a woman of strong sense, sterling worth, and great personal attractions. The beauties of her mind she transmitted to her daughter Elizabeth; those of her person only to Arabella. The present Mrs. Spenser was a discontented, intractable, selfish, and eccentric woman, and had been an invalid, and a most vexatious one, ever since the birth of her youngest child, keeping her bed-room seven or eight months of the year, and talking of returning to it the remaining four or five. Her complaint was one of the non-descript disorders, called nervous, one part real to nine parts fanciful; the sources of untold profits to doctors, and untold miseries to husbands. If people were harmless in proportion to their imbecility, it would be all well; but the misfortune is, that those who have the least control over themselves, often possess the most powerful and mischievous ascendancy over others. This was remarkably illustrated in the instance of Mr. and Mrs. Spenser. The rector had all the weaknesses of an amiable character, and his wife all the weaknesses of a selfish one. The two sets of weaknesses, united in the bonds of matrimony, made a very uneasy union; and Mr. Spenser would indeed have been very unhappy in his second marriage, only for the extreme placidity of his temper, the society of his daughters, and his passionate love of books. When the living plagued him, he often fled to the dead for refuge, and found in literary pleasures sweet though short respites from his conjugal griefs. And here let us pause, and give a word of advice to men in Mr. Spenser's position of life.

"A man in moderate circumstances, particularly a widower with children, who thinks of marrying a lady in delicate health, ought to examine himself, and see that he possesses not only the qualities that befit the master of a house, but those that are indispensable in a mistress likewise. In fact, being destined to discharge the united functions of the father and mother of his family, he ought to be an active, bustling, motherly, managing sort of a gentle-

man, skilled in nursery affairs, equal to the control of housemaids, and not above 'meddling with buck-washing'; he should know as much as possible about chin-coughs and teething; to which branches of useful knowledge were he to add some tincture of the science of pickling and preserving, it would not be amiss under the circumstances. An invalid wife is a very expensive article of luxury even to a gentleman with a thousand a year, and so Mr. Spenser found it. Had he made as good a choice as his curate did, it would have saved him a couple of hundreds annually at the least; he would have had a buxom helpmate to control his servants and govern his children for him, instead of the croaking turtle he had, who gave him more trouble than all the rest of the establishment put together.

"Mrs. Spenser had never accommodated herself to life in Ireland, particularly to the life of a country parson in the wildest and loneliest part of the island. She quarrelled with the people and she quarrelled with the climate; there was always either a storm in the atmosphere, or a tempest in the political world—always something to discompose her; and when there was nothing, nothing answered equally well. You are not to suppose that she would have been happy and contented in a country without a breath of wind, either literal or metaphorical. On the contrary, she was a woman to raise a storm wherever she happened to be; she would get you up a hurricane in an exhausted receiver, and find or make something uncomfortable in Eden itself. The rector was free from avarice, and the only ambition he had was a literary one; but his helpmate was as covetous as Mammon, and as ambitious as Lucifer. She never forgave a tithe defaulter, and was for ever instigating her husband to wring the uttermost farthing out of his parishioners; while, at the same time, she thought it extremely hard that he should discharge any pastoral duty at all; continually urging him to settle in Dublin, where a man of his talents and address, enjoying the smiles of a Lord-Lieutenant, and charming with his witty and elegant conversation the viceregal circle, might fairly aspire to high preferment in the church—even to change his simple pastoral crook for a crozier. It would have been strange, indeed, if such qualities as these in a wife had not exercised a very decided influence on the life and fortunes of an easy uxorious husband."

The whole working out of the lady's likeness is very well executed, and though highly coloured, is not, we believe, over-strained beyond what may be met with in such senseless, selfish, and fantastic beings. But the Curate Uncle is the most original part; and will, we are sure, become an immense favourite with all novel readers.

The condition of Ireland, in many points of view, and particularly its social habits and feelings as seen in a remote country district among high and low, is well illustrated, and, strange to say, in a manner that is entertaining, and not prosaic and fatiguing as a twice told tale vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man. But these matters must be looked for in the book itself, which will pleasantly repay the time lent to its perusal, and we close with a sample of the rector's somewhat Swift-like sketch of the Emerald Isle and its inhabitants, in a chapter or essay humorously entitled, "The Island of Higgleddy-Piggleddy:—

"Its place on the globe is almost the antipodes of the *Insule Fortunatae*. Strabo has not mentioned it, probably, because he was ignorant of its existence; and the silence of Malte-Brun in later times may plausibly be accounted for upon the same hypothesis.

"The island is so called from the Higgleddies, who constitute the smaller and wealthier part of its population, and the Piggleddies, who constitute the greater and poorer portion. The Piggleddies again derive their name probably from 'pig'; either because that animal abounds amongst them, or because in its character and general habits it resembles them very strikingly. In fact, it is a common saying, that there is nothing so like a Piggleddyman as a pig, and nothing so like a pig as a Piggleddyman.

"The country is divided into four provinces, called Bluster, Funstir, Spunster, and Donaght. Funstir

is the finest and most remarkable; what a pleasant land it is, you may conclude from its appellation; the Piggleddies have it nearly all to themselves, and it includes the celebrated and eccentric district or shire of Topsisurvia, where, in peaceable times, the people are always in insurrection; but, when rebellion is afoot, they are actual models of good behaviour. Spunster, the northern part of the island, is the province where the Higgleddies are found chiefly. Many of them are as gay fellows as the Topsisurvians themselves; but others are as orderly and shabby as any population can be—low industrious creatures, who work for their bread, generally at weaving, or spinning, whence comes, probably, the name of the province.

"The metropolis of Higgleddy-Piggleddy is the great city of Hubbud, in the neighbourhood of which is held annually, about the time of the summer solstice, the elegant festival of Brokenhead, corresponding to the Olympic games amongst the barbarous Greeks.

"The Piggleddies lodge for economy in the sties erected for their swine, and they live upon a certain root, which they are so passionately fond of, that they prefer the risk of starvation to propagating any other. Although a certain mixture of blue and yellow is the colour of the nation, they cannot abide it in crops, and a Piggleddyman will cultivate even nettles and ragweed rather than turnips or mangold-wurzel. There is corn grown in many places—wheat, because the climate is singularly unfit for it, and oats and barley, not to make the vulgar article of bread, but for the wiser and nobler purpose of extracting from these grains a certain liquor, which has a marvellous effect on the eyes, making the drinker see objects twice over, so that all the blessings of Providence seem doubled, and man is, of course, doubly grateful and twice happy. * * *

"One of the strangest things connected with the state of the law in the island is a system they have, by which the bulk of the soil is vested in a high legal functionary, corresponding with our Chancellor. In fact, the entire island may be said to be 'in Chancery,' and the general state of village is exactly what might be anticipated from such a droll arrangement; for, except the process of *draining*, what branch of agriculture can any court, either of Law or Equity, have a practical acquaintance with?

"There are two religions in the island, the Piggleddy religion established in fact, and the Higgleddy religion established in law; the opposition of law to fact being an admirable provision for keeping the country in that highly comic and convulsive state, without which it would not be worth living in. Indeed, they draw largely upon their religious institutions for what they consider the prime comfort of existence; and in this they are highly to be commended, inasmuch as religion, no doubt, ought to constitute the happiness of every people. * * *

"The vernacular language of the country is a sort of dialect between high Bluster and common Rigmorale. It is so highly figurative that it is found to be almost impossible to state facts, or convey simple truth in it. The accent is also a mixed one, something between a roar and a whine, which makes it excellent either to bully or beg in. You may fancy what a Babel the isle is, particularly in the chief cities, where the most notorious whiners and bawlers congregate. * * *

"At Balderdash Hall is to be seen one of the greatest curiosities in the whole country, an enormous engine (said to be of forty-ass power) for keeping the island constantly in *hot water*. The hot water, however, is not for the purpose of bathing or ablution, for there are no public baths, and cleanliness is not one of the beetting virtues of the people. It is a political and social institution altogether, and has hitherto worked admirably to the great credit and content of the engineers. * * *

"The natural history of this country is well worth attention. Its zoology is rich and curious. The sloth there attains a gigantic size, and, notwithstanding its habits of torpor, commits greater ravages than wolves and tigers in other countries. The common jackass abounds, chiefly in the precincts of

* This "Becky" sort of impersonation seems to be gaining ground in novel writing; which we rather regret, because, besides the poverty of imitation in such cases, there is a tendency in the thing itself to bring suspicion and maltreatment upon a class already held back far too much from what ought to be their position in the world.—Ed. L. G.

the cities and the neighbourhood of Balderdash Hall, where it is not easy to distinguish its braying from that of the politicians and economists. There are wolves in sheep's clothing to be met with in many parts, and it is odd that bears are not more numerous, for the island has the strongest possible resemblance to a bear-garden.

"Amongst birds, the wild goose is prominent. The chase of it constitutes one of the favourite amusements of all classes. There are numerous owls, too; and the Higglely grandees provide ruins liberally for them, by expelling the poor Higglelies, and demolishing their habitations. But the bird that is most plentiful is the gull; and though the kites and cormorants devour them in great quantities, they seem never reduced in number. The insect and reptile tribes swarm; the working-bee is indeed rare, and one species of flea is also deficient—namely, the industrious variety.

"Fish is extremely plentiful, and not more plentiful than excellent; so much so, that it is universally abjured by the people as an article of food. They will perish of hunger sooner than eat fish, and, to strengthen this aversion, their priesthood enjoins the eating of fish as a religious penance. You may conceive how light the yoke of a religion is where the mortifications are to dine on turbot and John Dorys; but there is no end to the eccentricities and comicalities of this strange people.

"Higglely-Pigglely is the country for meteors. The chief employment of its natives is running through their bogs after Will o' the Wisp, Jack o' the Lantern, and other *ignes fatui*.

"Vegetation flourishes. The country would be a garden, only that the taste of the people is for wildernesses. A richer field to go *simping* in does not exist in the world. In *Topsiturvia*, and most parts of *Funstir* and *Donaght*, the herbs that flourish most are wormwood, rag-weed, monk's-hood, and the wild variety of Justice generally found in the crops of hemp. But the same districts are also fertile in numerous other plants, such as docks, nettles, tares, brambles, considered weeds in most countries, but by the Pigglelies cultivated with almost as much attention as is elsewhere bestowed upon the gifts of Ceres. There are but few bays and laurels in the island, and those few are but little cultivated. The soil seems totally unfit for the olive; attempts have been made to domesticate it, but hitherto without success."

We opine that these extracts will more than sup port our favourite report on *My Uncle the Curate*.

Dudley Cranbourne; or A Woman's History.
3 vols. Bentley.

THIS novel sets out with more than one startling fact in woman's history, two of which lend their hue to all the rest of the story. One is the lapse from honour in the wife of an earl, described as a most magnanimous character (as he is drawn in relation to his frail lady in remembrance of their former love, and for the sake of their only son); and the other is the equal fall of a virtuous and high-spirited widow in connexion with the aforesaid noble lord, and the sad consequences thereof. In the former case, vanity, the result of bad education, is the cause: in the latter, sentiment, almost pure. To judge by the result, the last is the most pernicious as regards the consequences.

An intricate plot follows these early events, and silences us; nor can we quote the circumstances of the widow's unhappy lapse, nor of the countess's miserable frailty, the minute account of which, on her deathbed, to her son, rather revolts us, though the author has endeavoured to frame an excuse for it.

The most original feature of the work is the gradually descending career of the widow. It is not overstrained, nor unmixt with traits of her original goodness and purity. She is a female and novel Lucifer—travelling and base and sensual under the pressure of her condition, but retaining qualities, unobliterated though confused, of her former self-esteem and womanly worth. We consider this portrait to possess very uncommon communism truth and natu-

ral reality. Society must know such persons, and the observer of life must, with a sigh, regard the stars that rise no more, but many of which have bright and luminous aspects to redeem their sinking. There are other parts cleverly sketched; but Mrs. Cameron is the main attraction.

If we mention that, as the vulgar say, there is a promiscuousness about children, and a strange confusion of foundling and parentage, we are sure we need not tell our readers that we won't let in a ray of light upon the tale. And how otherwise to illustrate it and our opinion of it, we know not. We hope to be believed when we state that it is of the kind to keep curiosity alive to the very end. We copy a passage or two to indicate the general talent—

"Meantime, the fashionable papers never ceased to talk of the Countess of Cranbourne [*i. e.*, the faithless wife], her brilliant balls, and gay parties; and it seemed as though she had determined to drown every better feeling in the vortex of ceaseless dissipation. It is a remarkable thing, and yet one that experience of the world will abundantly verify, that when any of the more bitter evils of life, those the hardest to be borne, fall upon a man, it generally drives him from the world to recover the just balance of his mind in some retreat far from the scenes of his sorrow. With a woman it nearly always has a contrary effect; the heart knows its own bitterness, and few can distinguish, amidst the glare of many lights, the sparkling of jewels, and the wanton strains of voluptuous music, how often the gay smile is the mark of despair, and the light laugh mocks its utterer.

"How magnificent the Countess looks to-night!" said Harcourt Vernon to Lord George Brabazon, at a ball given by one of the princes of the blood.

"Perfect," replied Lord George; "you should have seen her cut Lady Highsandal just now; Siddons, as Lady Macbeth, was nothing to her in dignity and hauteur."

"And so it is; those who are the most eager to scoff at others often themselves merit a harsher judgment than that they dare to award; and it is generally to be observed, that the uncharitable are those who most need of charity. Who ever heard a demirep speak well of anybody? or a dishonest and dishonourable man, who would not try to make one believe all the world was as bad as himself?"

Here is another of the many sensible notes which season the drama, whose intricacies we must leave untouched—

"The Earl was in high spirits, and though a grave man, joked, laughed, and actually hummed, in the gaiety of his heart. It is a curious circumstance how merry a man sometimes feels when he has just done a foolish thing; the pleasure, however, is generally short-lived, and might be compared to a piece of sugar given to a child before his dose of senna-tea, instead of after it."

These are small morsels, but (as acknowledged) we are tied up as regards the shifting scenery from the elder to younger actors, and the skill, after all the changes and evolutions, with which the drop-scene is made to fall.

Owen Tudor; an Historical Romance. By the Author of "Whitefriars." 3 vols. Colburn.

BY no unworthy pupil of the school of James—this is a romance of varied construction, and much power and talent displayed in every variety. This may be comprehended when we run over the changes. The hero, Owen Tudor (the grandfather of Henry VII.) appears at first as the youthful heir of a Welsh chieftain, the companion of Glendower, and despoiled of his possessions and dignities as a descendant of Arthur of the Round Table, by Henry IV., and his glorious son, Henry V. Next, he is running a Quixotic career against the victor of Agincourt, and his whole force encamped for the siege of St. Lo. Thirdly, he is in Paris, engaged, as fate wills, in the intrigues and deadly feuds of the factions there—the Burgundians, Armagnacs, and other parties. In this romantic position he is made to be the favoured lover,

not only of Catherine, who afterwards bore Henry VI. to King Henry V., and very quickly, within her year's marriage and widowhood (almost) married the Welsh gentleman, but also the *liked* of her Mamma, Queen Isabeau, and the beloved of De Giac, a most accomplished lady of the court, whose influence throughout the narrative is prominent, and ably developed. The conclusion, with the murder of John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, and the results, may be classed as a fourth distinct part.

The whole is excellently involved, though we have had the matters of *La Boucherie* from a "Master Chief" already; but we think the writer's triumph is in the earlier descriptions of Wales, and the death of the ancient chieftain, the father of Owen. The ground is newer, and the effect greater. The dying man, the monk, the bard, the son, the attached lover, and the very dogs, make a grand and striking tableau, on which the supernatural phenomena of Snowdon shed their mystic prophecies, and bend the same living spirits which are imbued with the magic predictions of the warrior-wizard, Glendower, and the timeless superstitions of Cambria. We regret that this fine description is far too long for quotation, and cannot be abridged.

In the second division we have made, the re-appearance of Shakspeare's Ancient Pistol and Captain Fluellen keep up their individualities, and the paladins of Henry, and Henry himself, are brought out in a forcible style—chivalry being answerable for all the incidents.

The Parisian affairs are numerous beyond our arithmetic, and intricate beyond our analysis. They are, however, well woven in to connect with the denouement; and to that denouement we turn for the only extracts we have to offer, without injury to the thick plot, in honour of the author.

Owen as a hostage, and De Giac as the occupant of the strong castle of Montereau, whilst her—not without cause—jealous and treacherous husband has gone forth to conduct the Duke of Burgundy to his interview with the Dauphin, are thus portrayed:—

"The Lady de Giac and the Chevalier Sauvage were left alone with Philip Josquin, the duke's armourer and most trusted man-at-arms. For some instants neither uttered a word. Owen seemed afraid that a word might recall the duke, and once more baffle him! It was not till the latter was completely out of hearing that he turned to the Lady de Giac, and with a face glowing with fierce triumph, exclaimed, 'Witness, lady! the game was not all lost at Meulan!'

"Let us go and see!—who knows?" replied the Lady de Giac, with a troubled glance. 'Thou art honest mayhap, but what are they that employ thee?—Let us ascend the turret.'

Owen mechanically followed the lady as she opened a door in the apartment which gave access by a flight of stone stairs to a small tower that flanked the gateway of the castle towards the town of Montereau. Some chests, containing part of the duke's most valuable treasures, lay in a round chamber in which they landed, and that opened by a narrow doorway on a projecting battlement. Thither the Lady de Giac and the hostage made their way, and for some moments both gazed in silence and with intense anxiety over the preparations below.

"A powerful body of the duke's soldiery guarded the castle-gate immediately beneath their observation, and extended their lines as far as the first barrier on the bridge. These barriers were of massive timber, capable of resisting the rush of a great multitude. The extent of the duke's division was marked by the waving of his banner; and the royal standard of France showed where the dauphin and his nobles were expecting the arrival of their visitant. The dauphin was sufficiently distinguishable, being distant a short arrow-flight. He was clad in complete armour, and was leaning, either wearily or thoughtfully, on one of his nearest barriers. It was drawing towards evening, but the butts of a large encampment around a mill, in which the dauphin and his retinue lodged, were distinctly seen on the opposite shore of the river.

"While the knight and lady gazed from their elevation over this spectacle, the castle-gates swung open, and the duke, attended by ten of his principal nobles, made his appearance on the platform leading to the bridge. Sir Pierre de Giac was of the number, and it seemed as if he addressed some observation to the duke that induced him to look up at the tower. He recognised the gazing pair on the battlements, and kissed his hand with the utmost tenderness and gallantry to the Lady de Giac.

"What should you fear, lady? Methinks your husband is most courteous and kindly!" said Owen, with a satirical bitterness and exultation he could not repress.

"Say that when the duke returns, and I will believe!" replied the lady.

"You love this duke—and love is timorous!" retorted Owen.

"'Tis false!—I never loved but one!"—said the Lady de Giac, with sudden vehemence. "I loved—but it was neither duke nor count! It was a poor fugitive of England—a prisoner in mortal jeopardy!"

"Do not vaunt the service you then rendered me, lady! You preserved me, but not to my good!" returned Owen.

"Nor to mine own!" said Huéline, with flashing eyes. "What am I now?—certain, not what I was born to be!—In my young years I dreamed a noble dream—and, but for thee, my land might have boasted among its earliest minstrels its truest one!—Genius, passion, the thirst for glory, the universal benevolence that overflowed my heart, as light the sun—where are they all now? What terrible past stretches behind—what hopeless future beyond? Nor love, nor hate, nor hope, nor even fear, remain to me! I look to the heavens themselves, with all this burden of guilt upon my brow—and ah! woeful daughter of Jean de Troye, what seest thou there? Not even an avenging destiny!—nothing but the blue and passionless vault that for so many thousand ages has overlooked the wrongs and sufferings of men, unmoved!"

"Am I not desolate too?" said Owen, affected by the deep despair of the words and tones of this lamentation.

"I trust thou art! Nought but that certainty remains to console me!" replied Huéline. "Betray—abandon—as thou wilt—never more canst thou be happy wholly! I have fastened a spell to thy heart which shall irk thee for ever—silently it may be—but ceaselessly as the worm in the core!"

"Thou hast, indeed!—Incredible wrong hast thou wrought me;—but thou hast not triumphed over destiny!" returned the Welsh knight.

"I wronged thee not, to disabuse thee of thy madness!" she replied. "The wrong was thine, that didst prefer the gewgaws of man's jewellery to the sterling wealth of nature—the royalty of Catherine of France to the heart of Huéline de Troye! I tell thee, Owen, had she been worthy of thee—had I not found in her the shallow inconstancy thou hast proved—never would I have laboured at thy sorrowful disenchantment! It was a madness to behold for what I was preferred! But now thou too!—What is Catherine of France now, even in thine eyes?"

"And what is the Lady de Giac in her own? Look, your duke has reached the first barrier!" returned Owen Tudor.

"Aye, what, indeed?" said the minstrelless, in a tone of fathomless regret, and a shadowy crimson stole over her face. "I will not think what I am—and let thy heart remember what I was! When I first beheld thee, Owen, passion filled my soul; but it was pure as the fierce light of India in the white cup of the lotos! And now—even now—were there any word in language that could speak the mere essence of things, as lightning utters the tempest—all thought, emotion, suffering, wreaking themselves in frenzy—that word would restore me to vestal purity even in thine eyes! Thou smilest—and it is well! There is a universal bar between us now, 'tis true!—we speak the tongues of two strange lands—though but one! Never yet has man understood his

hapless partner! What, indeed, if your sugared words be truth—what if we are the angels ye call us—fallen angels!—compelled, in expiation of our sins, to be the disgusted slaves of your soulless materiality awhile here below?"

We will not anticipate another passage; the spirit of this quotation ought to speak for the work.

AMERICA.

Mackay's Western World.

[Second notice.]

On finishing our perusal of this work, we find the estimate we formed and offered on the first vol. in our *Gazette*, No. 1673, (not always a safe mode of proceeding) sufficiently confirmed to leave us nothing to retract from our favourable opinion. There is a great deal of information collected by the author, and his efforts to lighten the graver statements with characteristic and amusing sketches are sometimes, though not always, successful. The sketches where the eternal spitting is described, go beyond Dickens or any previous writer who comments on this nauseous and disgusting practice. The vice appears to be ineradicable, and to increase in "spread" and intensity: 'Tis true, 'tis spiteful.

Our author, on the other hand, rather finds some excuse for several, if not all the Repudiating States; with perhaps the exception of "Mississippi," up the river of which name (so pronounced by the natives) he steamed for many hundred miles, after having crossed the breadth of the land from Washington to New Orleans, via Charleston, Milledgeville, Macon, and Mobile, &c. On this transit the subject of slavery is forcibly presented to his view, and elaborately discussed; but for the political as well as the commercial speculations, we must refer our readers to the work itself.

Among the ludicrous stories is one of a grand maternal confusion in a tavern, where several hundred people sleep, with whose boots and shoes, placed outside of their bed-room doors in the galleries and passages, some practical wags have taken upon them covertly to interfere, and by changing the positions of the entire series, created an alarming *mêlée* when everybody wants his own for descent to the breakfast parlour. But we will run along with the narrative, and merely stop here and there to afford examples of Mr. Mackay's manner of treating various points, as they occur to him in travelling, and thus mixing together, without further order, his reflections on matters of interest and his notices of whimsical aspects or occurrences.

"Amongst those who arrived by the train from Richmond, was a western farmer and his family, evidently on a summer tour.

"Father," said his son, an intelligent little boy, after looking for a few moments at the broad expanse of the river, 'it's as big as the Mississippi.'

"And as yaller too," was the reply.

"But we don't have no snags nor alligators here, my little man; nor do we blow up two or three hundred people at a time," said a Virginian in shirt-sleeves, who was doing duty in some capacity or other, on the wharf, and who, hearing the boy's remark, was anxious that he should not go misinformed upon the points wherein the Potomac had the superiority over any and every river in the West.

"Cos you can't get up steam enough in Virginny to blow up an egg-shell," retorted the boy, discerning his informant's intention, and by no means satisfied with it; for which he was informed by the latter, that he was 'too smart by half, if he only know'd it, and that to a moral certainty, his father 'must have many more like him.'

"About an hour after leaving the Potomac, we reached the small town of Fredericksburg, one of the seaports of Virginia, situated on the Rappahannock River. We made a short stay here, for no earthly purpose, as it appeared to me, but to enable the passengers to buy gingerbread, which was handed about in enormous triangles, and purchased by such as were already beginning to famish.

"Whence comes it that the moment the stranger

puts his foot in Virginia, he seems to have passed to an entirely new scene of action? Is it prejudice, or preconceived opinion, that leads him to think that every thing around him wears a spiritless and even dilapidated aspect? Or is it that he sees aright, through no misguiding medium, and that there is a cause for the change that so suddenly forces itself upon his observation? It requires no anti-slavery predilections, no jaundiced eye, no European prejudices, to recognise the two states of activity and inactivity between which the Potomac intervenes, like an impassable gulf. The southerner himself, born and bred in the lap of slavery, cannot fail to distinguish the distance which separates the North from the South in the career of material improvement. Be the causes for this what they may, its existence is incontestable. The change, indeed, commences still further north, on crossing the frontier of Maryland; but bordering, as that State does, upon the free community of Pennsylvania, it has become more or less inoculated with the activity which distinguishes it. It is only when the traveller passes the Virginian border that he becomes thoroughly aware of the difference, as regards enterprise and activity, which exists between the free and the slave States. I am quite aware that the traveller by this the main route to the South, is not carried through the better portion of Virginia. I now speak not from impressions formed on the railway, but from the convictions which have attached themselves to my mind after thoroughly traversing the State. As compared with some of its neighbours, the whole State seems to be afflicted with some ineradicable blight. In the North, such is the enterprise and such the industry which prevail,—such is the restless activity which is ever manifest, and such the progress, not gradual, but precipitate, which is constantly being made, that the stranger may almost fancy that the scene on which he opens his eyes in the morning is different from that on which he closed them the preceding night. But let him pass into Virginia, and the transition is as great as is the change from the activity of Lancashire, to the languor and inactivity of Bavaria. Even amongst the southern States, Virginia is pre-eminently torpid. In the midst of progress she is stationary—stationary even in her population, with the exception of the negro portion of it. And yet no New-Englander is so proud of his native State as the Virginian is of his. He never permits a doubt to cross his mind but that she is the first star in the federal constellation. It matters not that you direct his attention to decaying towns and backward cultivation, you cannot divorce him from his delusive but flattering conviction. In 1776 she may have been the first amongst the revolutionary colonies. The Virginian thinks of Virginia as she was then, not as she is now; he forgets the prodigious strides which many of the sister States have taken since that period; and in his self-complacency overlooks the fact that she is more indebted for the slight advances which she has made, to her incapacity altogether to resist the general momentum, than to the enterprise and activity of her sons."

Of the capital Mr. Mackay says,—

"The people of Richmond are a peculiar people. They are proud and sensitive to a degree. They are proud, in the first place, of their State, and in the next, of its capital; in addition to which they are not a little satisfied with the moral superiorities to which they lay claim. Their code of honour is so exceedingly strict that it requires the greatest circumspection to escape its violation. An offence which elsewhere would be regarded as of homeopathic proportions, is very apt to assume in Richmond the gravity of colossal dimensions; even a coolness between parties is dangerous, as having a fatal tendency speedily to ripen into a deadly feud. Once arrived at this point, a personal encounter is inevitable, unless, to avoid it, one party or the other is induced to quit the city. It is curious enough to witness the cool and matter-of-course way in which even the ladies will speculate upon the necessities for, and the probabilities of, a hostile meeting between such and such parties, and in which, when they hear of a duel, they

will tell you that they long foresaw it, and that it could not be avoided. After all, this state of things, although it may indicate less of a healthy habit than of a morbid sensibility, gives to Richmond society a chivalrous and romantic cast, which is rarely to be met with in matter of fact America. It is seldom, indeed, that they imitate, in their personal warfare, the savage brutalities of the south-western States; their quarrels, generally speaking, taking some time to mature, and the parties, when the day of reckoning at length comes, fighting like gentlemen instead of like tigers or hyenas."

The slavery in Virginia seems to be in many quarters of the milder order, but "it appears in its true light, in its real character, in all its revolting atrocities, in the cotton-growing States. Whatever hideousness may be imparted to it, by severity of toil and brutality of treatment, it there assumes without a mask. Badly housed, and not unfrequently scantily fed, the wretched slaves are driven, morning after morning, in hordes to the fields, where they labour till night-fall beneath a burning sun, and under the eyes and the lashes of superintendents, against whom they dare not, however well founded, prefer a complaint. To the unfeeling severity which characterises the servitude of these States, there are, in the conduct of many planters, very honourable exceptions. It is natural for an American, even when loud in his condemnation of the system at home, to gloss over, in his converse with mankind, its worst features, for his country's sake; but the candour of every American citizen who has travelled in the South will bear me out in the assertion, that, in the practical working of slavery in the cotton-growing districts, humanity is the exception, and brutality the rule. It is unnecessary to dwell any longer upon this, or to specify the horrors which I myself have witnessed, and which would only be counterparts to the frightful catalogue, at the recital of which the better feelings of our nature have already so often revolted."

Onward into North Carolina, and we are told,—
"The blight of slavery is here, if possible, even more palpable than it is in Virginia. View it whichever way you will, whether as a crime or as a calamity, this institution in the United States invariably carries with it its own retribution. However indispensable it may be to the wealth and productiveness of some localities, it is a present curse to the land, fraught with a terrible prospective judgment, when we consider the hopelessness of its peaceful removal, and the awful catastrophes to which it will inevitably lead. Where activity and progress are the rule, all that is not advancing assumes the melancholy aspect of retrogression. North Carolina is virtually retrograding. Since 1830 her population has increased but at a very trifling ratio, which is partly to be accounted for by the numbers who annually emigrate from her, as from Virginia and other sea-board States, to the Far West. Her foreign trade, which was never very large, has also, of late years, been rapidly on the decline, and there is now but little prospect of its ever reviving. She still holds some rank in point of wealth and political importance in the Confederation, but every year is detracting from it, and throwing her more and more into the background. She has not only lagged behind most of the original States amongst whom she figured, but has permitted many of the younger members of the Union greatly to outstrip her. The latter proposition, however, will hold good as to other sea-board States, which find it no easy matter to maintain their original position, seeing that they are annually drained of men and money seeking new fields of action, and opportunities of investment, amongst the more enterprising and rising communities of the West."

We must yet reserve a portion for our next.

Fairy Tales of all Nations.—By A. R. Montalba. Chapman and Hall.

WE had no idea that such a flood of new Fairy Lore could have been poured in upon us; and we value it highly not only for the entertaining and interesting, and instructive nature of its irrigation, (enough to raise flowers and fruits from the driest mental soils;)

but also for its curious springs and sources, which reveal to us the traditions and feelings of countries of which we had little or no previous knowledge. Presuming the whole to be *bona fide*, though it is difficult to conceive where and how Mr. Montalba could collect such distant and various intelligence, and render it from such difficult and uncultivated languages, the volume is altogether extraordinary. There are translations from the Arabic, Slavonic, Franconian, Hungarian, Wendian, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Icelandic, Russian, Polish, French, Italian, German, Norman, Hebrew, Sanskrit, Betschuanian, and several other tongues; and there is every internal evidence of the tales being genuine, as they are characteristic. But even if we entertained, which we are not inclined to do, a doubt on the legendary, popular, ethnological, and philological worth of these novelties, there can be none of their attractive qualities for juvenile amusement. The younger world (not young France, nor young Italy, nor young Germany—but the general, sensible young world) have much cause to thank Mr. Montalba for this addition to their pleasures. Since the immortal Mother Bunch, they have had no such benefactor. The tales are unexceptionable, and even in the wilder flights of the imaginative the useful lesson is not forgotten; whilst in some it is more directly inculcated with a lightness of effect, which (in our judgment) often makes the most lasting impression. Such etchings are quite as good for the purpose as the most elaborate engravings.

The exemplification of the rainbow-hued peculiarities of the people of many climes, and living under different institutions, is deserving the attention of the philosopher; and where, as in this instance, it is combined with agreeable playfulness, and striking superstitions, and wonderful specimens of the extent and strength of legendary faith, we must give the exhibition a very hearty welcome in the name of old and young, and readers of every class.

And then there are twenty-four illustrations by Richard Doyle, and the very acme or climax of such designs. He has, indeed, adorned every subject he has touched, and the compliment to Goldsmith might well be paid to him.

Of a book of the class it is impossible to convey more than a vague notion, for we cannot relate how princes and princesses have been transformed in on many quarters of the earth—"Fortune's Favourite," for instance, is a glorious romantic specimen)—nor enter into the strange incidents, and monstrous adventures of universal fairy land; but we can assure the lovers of these matters that they will not be disappointed; and we merely copy the shortest of the articles, in which a not unfamiliar story (of the Eagle and the Wren, when the latter, by a politic trick, became King of the Birds) has a type of some resemblance, but is yet more humorously described.

The expeditious Frog.—A fox came one day at full speed to a pond to drink. A frog who was sitting there, began to croak at him. Then said the fox, 'Be off with you, or I'll swallow you.'

"The frog, however, replied: 'Don't give yourself such airs; I am swifter than you!'

"At this the fox laughed; but as the frog persisted in boasting of his swiftness, the fox said at length: 'Now, then, we will both run to the next town, and we shall see which can go the faster.'

"Then the fox turned round, and as he did so, the frog leapt up into his bushy tail. Off went the fox, and when he reached the gate of the city, he turned round again to see if he could spy the frog coming after him. As he did so, the frog hopped out of his tail on the ground. The fox, after looking all about without being able to see the frog, turned round once more in order to enter the city.

"Then the frog called out to him: 'So! you are come at last? I am just going back again, for I really thought you meant not to come at all.'

The Blood of the Cross. By the Rev. Horatius Bonar. Kelso: Rutherford. London: Nisbet and Co. A PASSIONATE exhortation to flee to the Cross, confess the depths of guiltiness, and to its innocent blood alone look for salvation.

A Treatise on the Aneroid; with a short Historical Notice on Barometers in General, their Construction and Use.—By E. J. Dent. Published by the author.

IN our Nos. 1662, and 1672, wood-cuts similar to those that illustrate in this pamphlet the construction of the aneroid barometer, were employed to aid our description of this valuable and promising instrument. In the latter *Gazette* we extracted from the little work itself, but since then new matter has been added, more particularly regarding "temperature correction," and we recommend Mr. Dent's treatise to all who are interested in the question.

Q. Horatii Flacci Opera Omnia. Guil. Dillenburger. Bonnæ: Adolphe Marci. Dulau and Co.

THIS is a new edition of Horace published at Bonn; and learned and scholarly as the first was, it has been much improved, and, in fact, appears to us now to be about the best annotated copy of the poet which could be employed in *usum scholarum*. It is, indeed, very complete—accurate in text and most instructive in commentary. The life of Horace is ably written, and finely illustrated from his own poems. A chronological table, an index to the metres, and another to the proper names, are great aids to the reader; but we must again most especially refer to the copious notes as a compendium of classic learning such as is rarely to be met with, and must be the more valued by every Latin student. We had recently to praise our own beautiful edition by Mr. Milman; let us now say that no previous publication of the whole writings of Horace ought to do away with the necessity of possessing and understanding Dr. Dillenburger's excellent volume.

The Events of 1848. A Letter to Lord Lansdowne. By R. M. Milnes, M.P. Ollivier.

A RAPID *coup-d'œil* over the stupendous events of last year—that boiling up of the human pot, which made Europe one cauldron of bubbles and hot water—whereof the author takes a view a little more on the Liberal and Whig side than we would have anticipated from the earlier portions of his Parliamentary career. He is all for an Italy confederated, and relieved from Austrian dominion. He is rather apprehensive of Slavonian increase of unity and power. He is favourable to peace-policy principles, but thinks the apostles of the theory dreamers of dreams; and he rather upholds the English diplomacy exhibited in Holstein, Naples, and Lombardy. Without inquiring into the right or wrong of a single topic, we may say that it is a pamphlet of observation and opinion which does credit to the writer's abilities, and that quotations in Greek, Latin, Italian, and French, at the same time display the accomplishments of the scholar.

On the Nature of Limbs.—By Richard Owen, F.R.S. Pp. 119. Van Voorst.

HAVING in our last Number fully reported this "Discourse," to present to our readers a comprehensive abstract of the able lecture delivered by Professor Owen, at the Royal Institution, we have only here to express our admiration at the master mind of the homologist, who has developed the vertebrate archetype. "It is no mere transcendental dream, but true knowledge and legitimate fruit of inductive research, that clear insight into the essential nature (Bedeutung*) of limbs, or their relation to the vertebrate archetype, which is acquired by tracing step by step the unity of type that pervades animal structures.

It is the sublime of man, Our noontide majesty, to know ourselves Parts and proportions of a wondrous whole.

And thus it is "from the first embodiment of the Vertebrate idea, under its old Ichthyic vestment, until it became arrayed in the glorious garb of the Human form."

A Capful of Moonshine. By John Mills. Hurst and Co.

A VERY poor capful of a very poor material.

* "Bedeutung" erroneously printed in last *Literary Gazette*.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE POETICAL HOSTLER.

(From a Correspondent.)

[THE critical remarks and individual interest of this paper need no introduction from us: we have only to point to the above heading to show that however much *We* approve and coincide, the change of the editorial plural into the personal *I* is merely an accident in the style of the *One* correspondent.]

POETRY appears to be a plant that springs into life in any region, however unpromising. We have had it from the plough and the workshop, the woods and the cotton-mill, the loom and the dairy, the servants'-hall, and now, as it appears, in a new and unassuming candidate from the stable. These and similar sources have given birth to that pretty large class, possessing more or less of reputation, known as uneducated poets. In a higher sphere, and yet not altogether in place, as not seeming to be akin to the immediate pursuit of the votary, we have found it meet us in the cloister and in the surgeon's study, at the lawyer's desk and in the counting-house, in the regiment and in the ship of war, in the intervals of deadly battle-fields and in the quiet of peace, in foreign travel and by the domestic fire-side, on the stage and in the painting-room, in poverty and in wealth, on the ocean and in prison. No scene, however apparently devoted to other pursuits, excludes the visitations of the muse—and long may she continue to grace and to cheer the toils of her faithful followers!

Yet among the poorer sons of song—those whom the lights of literature have never shone upon, and who may be strictly called uneducated,—how few are there who have attained permanent distinction! Is this the fault of Nature, or of the scurvy circumstances in which accident has placed them? The inquiry might be of some interest, though we cannot enter into details here. Experience would probably teach that great genius among them is rare, or if it really existed, has wanted that development which study, diligence, and application only seem able to impart. In looking round among the moderns, Burns will be readily admitted to take his stand in this class at the head of the "order." His genius fairly entitles him to such a distinction, although (some may think) elevated by his enthusiastic countrymen to a higher station than more dispassionate critics are willing to admit. Hogg, Bloomfield, Clare, Henry Jones (the Irish bricklayer), and several others familiar to the public ear, take a secondary rank.* While there are many who, after exciting surprise and attention for a time, proved ultimately to be deficient in that grasp of thought and range of imagination necessary to keep up sustained interest, and consequently sank into obscurity nearly as rapidly as they rose.

We are, therefore, convinced that poetry of the higher order—that is, poetry which embraces length, variety, story, and arrangement, in addition to genius—without which all the others are useless—must be always largely indebted to art, or, in fact, to education. It is not so, however, with several popular avenues to poetical reputation. Take, for instance, song writing. In this, the unlearned probably excel the learned names in truth, sweetness, and simplicity. In fact, short pieces, descriptive sketches, and familiar subjects, tender, brilliant, or beautiful though they be, demand no aid from what is commonly considered as learning. They may be admirable of their order, but that order is not the highest. They require less skill and invention to construct, less labour to complete, and no effort of thought to retain. Their attraction lies in truth of sentiment, in vigour of feeling, in brilliancy or elegance of expression, or in all three.

It is likewise true, that great fame has been occasionally acquired by productions of no great length, or involving material labour of construction. Cowper became first familiar to the public by the ballad of "John Gilpin." Gray's reputation stands chiefly upon the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." More recently, that of Wolfe, the Irish clergyman, is built

upon the "Burial of Sir John Moore." And Thomas Hood will live more by the "Song of the Shirt" and the "Bridge of Sighs" than by any other of his productions in verse. But when poetry takes higher and more imposing themes, when wrought out into expansive subjects, involving the forming and unravelling of plots, facility and fertility of invention, numerous incidents, the exhibition and elucidation of character, it is then that a large share of knowledge must come to the aid of genius. All our great native poets, and all those of other countries as far as their history is known, have possessed all of them considerable, and many of them high, scholastic acquirements. There is perhaps no exception. We hear indeed sometimes of Shakspeare, but his name should not be mentioned on such occasions. He stands alone and apart from all others; nor is it at all certain that he was not much better instructed on most topics than inconsiderate criticism has thought proper to assume. It seems, therefore, to be a pretty general law, that though learning cannot make a poet, she may powerfully assist him. He can scarcely be great without her. The cultivation which her possession implies gives the necessary growth, development, and arrangement for the execution of important works to the poetical faculty.

But if the lowly or uneducated cannot be always great poets, they can frequently acquire the next step to greatness, a large share of popular admiration. And how delightful is it to see the humble mind thus employed; and, perhaps, successfully employed! To witness the marshalling of thought, sentiment, and melody by him who lives by the sweat of his brow—the play of the higher faculties called into enlightened exercise at home or in the scene of his occupation, instead of the sensual allurements thrown out to the lower order of passions, to entice his leisure hours elsewhere. We must not be told that study takes such a man out of his sphere. The proper sphere of the lowest, as of the highest in station, is that in which, when daily bread is first secured, the intellect is most profitably cultivated. Let us foster this spirit wherever we find it—always remembering, what the working man must never forget, and is rarely permitted by his necessities to forget, that it must be pursued more as an amusement than as a business. And to a true follower of the muse, however poor or unfriended in worldly position, it is a recreation of no ordinary value. Nay, perhaps the poorer the man the greater the luxury. It is in itself not merely an innocent, but laudable and even useful pursuit; it occupies thought pleasantly in the moments devoted to labour; it soothes grief; brings at least temporary oblivion of care; sheds a calming influence over the mind; chastens, disciplines, and improves it; while the passion commonly furnishes evidence that however humble the lot of the votary, he is not essentially a vulgar man. There is, perhaps, if the truth must be confessed, another and still higher gratification in the very excusable vanity of showing ourselves capable of doing that which the greater part of our friends and neighbours do not attempt or cannot accomplish. It is in something of this spirit that Goldsmith apostrophises Poesy as,—

My solitary pride!

Its advantages otherwise are thus enumerated in another quarter more recently,—

"The moment choose
When most by warmth inspired I court the Muse,
That gentle silent love, who shares my breast,
Dear as a mistress, honoured as a guest!
Who on the studious many a witchery showers,
Through whom I know no lone or listless hours;
Who bids me wisdom win, if such we find
Can be by study dug from depths of mind;
Wards many an ill or folly—teaches me
How morals, manners, tastes, refined should be;
Exalts, instructs, amuses—good promotes,
Man's rarest powers to noblest aims devotes;
With whom—the world shut out—thought best attunes,
Creates, adapts, shapes, colours, and communes;
Blend by their mutual love parental ties,
When from this union beautiful offspring rise,
Which yield to high-wrought minds a higher bliss—
Oh say what life more innocent than this!"

Attractive as this gratifying pursuit is, mental enjoyment is its only fruit. It must be cultivated for its own sake. It brings with it none of those

pecuniary advantages to which men engaged in the struggle for wealth look forward as the primary end of existence, and, therefore, should never be selected as a profession. Whoever trespasses upon the domains of poetry, or almost any other description of authorship, unless possessed of the most distinguished, as well as popular talents, will meet serious disappointment. He will soon discover that he must not begin to write in the hope of being thence enabled to eat, but, reversing the proposition, first learn the art to live by some other calling, and then, as he may, indulge in the pleasures of study. This is still more necessary to a humble than to an educated poet or author, though time too often will teach a similar lesson to both. We are therefore not of those who would seduce, as is sometimes imprudently done, the man of humble station away from his proper occupation, with the vague hope of fattening upon the arid and unprofitable wastes of literature. Let such a person carefully eschew the pen as a means of support. It is an instrument too often chosen by the distressed and the desperate, almost as the pistol and the road were selected by the same classes a century ago in order to levy contributions upon the public. His plough, or his loom, or his calling, whatever it be, is his only sure dependence. No unwise flattery or temptation should for a moment induce him to quit it. True and judicious admirers will aid him best by giving such assistance in the actual position which it is his lot to fill, as his wants require, or circumstances render expedient. Let him be upheld there by the most generous patronage or largess—by contributions of the liberal and the admirers of humble native talents—not removed to another and uncertain condition, for which he is probably unfit. He may thence ascend legitimately in his own sphere from poverty, if he be really poor, to that comfort and independence which it is the wish of all liberal and enlightened minds to bestow; and more especially when, as in the following instance, good character is conjoined with superior intelligence.

Joseph Gould, filling the homely situation of Hostler at the Swan Inn at Henley-in-Arden, in Warwickshire, was mentioned to a friend, in a late visit to that vicinity, as being known for the possession of poetical talents—not at all cultivated indeed, but considered by his townsmen to be respectable. The information interested my friend, ever active and benevolent in his feelings. Nearly related himself to one of the greatest men whom this kingdom has produced, and with a kindred regard for talents wherever they are to be found, he sought him out, conversed with him, and as a mode of being useful, occasionally called his services into requisition—not in urging Pegasus, but in the more prosaic vocation of driving a "Fly." The favourable impression produced by rumour became increased by his personal demeanour. Joseph proved to be a man of good repute and good sense; about thirty-six years old, middle sized, fair complexion; civil, attentive, and respectful. When the inn vehicle, therefore, is required by the ladies of the vicinity for an excursion, he is usually called upon to be the charioteer. The characteristic taste of the sex is thus seen in patronising a poet; while still more kindly feelings are gratified in the opportunity thus afforded of giving a small additional fee to one who, besides being in love with the Muse, has more substantial claims upon him in the forms of a *bond fide* wife and six children. So serious a demand upon one in such a station calls for the exertion of no common conduct and industry. The claim is met in a right spirit—that is, by working hard, and living like an honest man. No offences are laid to his charge. He has retained his present situation about eight years; has won the regard of his employers and neighbours; enjoys unassumingly the degree of reputation his verses procure; and manages his little household in a manner to elicit praise from those who know more of the matter than can fall under the observation of a casual visitor. All the circumstances proclaim him worthy of patronage—not to shift his calling or locality, as mistaken kindness may suggest, but to make that calling more profitable, and that locality interested in the success of one who

* In older times, Taylor, the Water Poet, and other examples, will occur to our readers.

certainly does it no discredit. And if the world has not made up its mind irrevocably to the belief that he who is addicted to rhyming is in a most hopeless condition, there is some evidence here that there are exceptions to the rule, and that such a one, even under heavy disadvantages, may fulfil all the more common duties of life as well as his less intellectual neighbours.

In the course of my friend's inquiries, and those of the lady of a neighbouring clergyman, who kindly interested herself in his welfare and history, some circumstances of an early inclination for the acquisition of knowledge induced them to wish for a sketch of his humble career from himself. This desire has been complied with. The following is his story, drawn up by himself, in his own words and style, with no more than a very few verbal alterations:

"Were I to attempt to write a detailed history of my life, it would be but to recount a series of struggles with poverty, and many of those hard lessons taught in adversity's stern school, with which too many who have had the misfortune to be left fatherless at an early age are familiar. Could I even devote time to such a purpose, it would be foreign to my present plan, which is merely to state as briefly as possible my early pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

"I was born at Barborne in the parish of Claines, near Worcester, on the 8th of February, 1812. My father was originally from Hill, and my mother from Great Comberton, both in that county. In less than eighteen months after his marriage my father died, and my mother was left with myself, her only child, unprovided for. He had embarked all his little capital in his business as a lace weaver, and the looms and stock in trade never realized more than one-third of their original cost, so that when her affairs were wound up she found herself destitute. Added to this, her father, who till then had been a respectable farmer, also fell into difficulties, and being unable to assist her, she nevertheless struggled on, and by 'unceasing industry and rigid self-denial, managed to obtain a livelihood and keep a home.

"Although I can recollect circumstances which occurred when I was only four or five years old, I cannot remember her first learning me to read; for she who never neglected a single duty toward me, had made that her care, and I would often leave my playmates to enjoy her company in preference with a book. She also gave me my first lessons in writing, as I was sickly, and she could not afford the expense of a school, and those excellent institutions, charity schools, being then less numerous than at present, none were within reach excepting a Sunday school.

"When about eight years old, she removed from Worcester to reside with her father, who had become a widower, and at that early age had taught me her own only means of support, the making of gloves. Her new residence being within two miles of Pershore, she contrived to send me to school there for a short time. The trifle required for this purpose proving to be more than she could afford, I was withdrawn—not however without the master declaring, that as I learned fast, he would willingly keep me for nothing. But alas!—farmer's work was my destination, and to that I speedily went. There, among the ploughmen and labourers, I obtained the name of 'The Parson,' in consequence of being enabled to read with tolerable ease; while in the intervals of labour they would congregate round me, hear the last new song purchased of a pedlar at a fair, recited with all the skill I was master of, or any other trash that their taste or finances might supply. While thus engaged, I could occasionally supply a rhyme, correct a misprint, and even went so far as to parody a song to suit particular purposes or persons. One of my earliest attempts in this way became a favourite with several. I can still remember the first stanza—as it was never committed to paper—and shall here venture, however homely, to quote it, as the rude effort of twelve years old.

Very near to the Cross, in the Round Row does dwell,
The great Mr. Bangall who's known very well,
Who in carrying children finds special delight,
And also picks quarrels from morning till night.
Derry down, &c.

"When about the age of thirteen an elderly gentleman in the village, whose sun of prosperity had long set and left him lonely and comfortless, agreed to instruct me two hours of an evening, provided I could pay eightpence a week in order to provide fire, candle, &c. This I was enabled to do during the whole of the winter. My employment in the day time was on the farm; from six to eight o'clock in the evening I attended him; and as he displayed patience and pains in instructing me, I soon became sincerely attached to one who seemed to take such interest in my welfare. He corrected errors in reading, pointed out the proper modulation of my voice, improved me in writing and arithmetic, and read with me out of the few valuable books which had escaped the general wreck of his property. He likewise read and translated many passages in Latin and French authors—thus beguiling time so effectually that the proper hour of returning home was often forgotten.

"At length spring came, and with it—most reluctantly on my part—the termination of this quiet but useful intercourse. In the following summer he opened a day school very successfully, as the farmers in that and in the adjoining parish sent their sons to him. I wished to go likewise, but my mother could not support me and pay for my schooling. After repeated entreaties, however, it was arranged that as she could then get plenty of *gloving* from Worcester, if I would work at that, and earn as much as I did at farm-work, she would consent. This was readily agreed to; I rose daily at four or five o'clock in the morning to my appointed task, and by close application managed to earn the little sums necessary for both purposes, and continued thus till harvest time.

"At the Michaelmas following I went to service, being then fourteen years old, with B. Risdon, Esq. of Birlingham. I bought myself writing materials; and when he knew how I employed my leisure hours he very kindly offered to set me copies, so that I improved myself much in writing during the four winters I was there, and with that terminated all I ever received in the nature of education. After being in that situation above three years and a-half, Mr. Risdon discharged me for a youthful indiscretion into which I was inadvertently led. I was then very foolishly induced to try my fortune in London, knowing no person whatever there, and with very little money in my pocket. After a week's inquiry, I procured a situation as light-porter in a linen-draper's establishment in the city, (34, Aldgate High Street,) where I had to sleep in the shop, which being crowded all day, and securely closed at night, proved so injurious to health, that after four months trial I returned to the country. After a short time, I entered the service of the Rev. G. Dineley, now rector of Peapleton. There I remained more than three years, and was about to leave to take a little place, and live with my mother, when her unexpected illness and subsequent death frustrated all my plans. All that was requisite in the way of medical aid I procured for her; and, unassisted by any of my relations, saw her respectably interred. These expenses left me again nearly penniless, but when I told Mr. Dineley that I had paid all, and owed no one a penny, he replied, 'Joseph, you are then rich.' Some time after this I obtained a situation in another family, where I continued seven years. Thence I came to Henley, and in my present capacity have continued for a period of more than eight years.

"In tracing this hasty sketch of personal history, I have confined myself entirely to those portions of it connected with my means of procuring the little knowledge I possess. I never enjoyed the advantage of a judicious friend to direct me in any regular course of study. All that came in my way of literature I greedily devoured; but in the numerous pieces in verse written by me, I have never been able to please myself. And though many are the letters also which I have written in rhyme, besides other pieces on personal or local matters, my ambition scarcely contemplated their being so flatteringly noticed as has latterly been the case."

Such is the simple story of Joseph Gould. It presents little variety to the tale so often told by the

sons of poverty, of early love for the acquisition of knowledge, vain attempt to acquire it, and the distresses and privations encountered in obtaining even the first step on the ladder of literary instruction. How often is it thus in humble life! How many are the active and intelligent minds, eager hopes, and aspiring views in silent operation around us, looking for some channel of escape from their condition in vain, excepting by the concurrence of fortuitous circumstances, seldom met with, and never to be calculated upon. Yet the poorest in our country are not without chances of success in a different way. Industry and perseverance are faculties common to all; and the same energy and intelligence which might be applied to literature without producing any striking results, may insure station, wealth, and even distinction, in other more profitable, though less ambitious, occupations.

In the selection of pieces from his writings, none of which have been published, love necessarily takes precedence. Without it, what would be poetry and poets! And we are anxious likewise, we confess, to recommend the writer, or to let him recommend himself, to the favourable consideration of our fair readers, as the most active and kind friends he can acquire.

STANZAS.

Oh! the kiss that you gave I remember it still,
Its warmth and its sweetness are still on my lips,
Like the honey the sweetest of flowers distill,
Which the privileged Bee with impunity sips.
Happy Bee! my own lot I with thine would exchange,
And revel all day in enjoyment like this;
Less fickle than thou art, I'd ne'er seek to range,
But hang with delight on such exquisite bliss.
The dull or the solemn may deem this a crime,
Too cold to believe what they never can know,
Nor dream that affection may e'en be sublime—
A flame lighted up but in purity's glow!
This warmth may provoke the bold libertine's smile,
He treats it as little but fancy or whim—
Whose lip-deep assertions would strive to beguile,
Then laugh at the heart that confided in him.
If this be a weakness still let me be weak,
Still let me admire though I cannot possess;
And as I'm forbidden my feelings to speak,
I'll sigh at a distance—but love you no less.
For the kiss that you gave I remember it still,
Its fervour and fragrance are still on my lips;
Like the honey the richest of flowers can distill,
Which the privileged Bee with impunity sips.

CONSTANCY.

Beloved of my soul, though this moment is bringing
The feelings of sad disappointment to me,
Still hope, smiling hope, in my bosom is springing,
Still absent or present my heart is with thee.
In crowds or seclusion, thou still art before me,
Each hour in the day thy loved image I see;
And the slumbers of night to thy presence restore me,
For then I am blest with dear visions of thee.
Though destiny, love, may compel us to sever,
Our thoughts are not bound by the cruel decree;
My fond faithful heart shall be with you for ever,
And cling with unceasing devotion to thee.
And even when life's vital pulse is retreating,
Think, think not the heart can a wanderer be;
Its last dying throb, and its last feeble beating,
Shall sigh forth its ardent affections for thee!

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

When love's wild hour has passed away,
With all its fav'ring hopes and fears;
May friendship shed its calmer ray
To light me through the vale of years.

And as when day's fierce orb declines,
A milder radiance glids the grove;
So when youth's Sun no longer shines,
May Friendship fill the place of Love.

Of filial affection and duty, the next best passions in the estimation of our fair readers, we are sure, the following is a favourable specimen:—

LINES SUGGESTED BY WRITING A SHORT SKETCH OF MY LIFE.

It happen'd sixteen years ago,
Just sixteen years last May;
Yet I remember well—as though
It was but yesterday,
What anguish did my heart divide,
When my beloved mother died.

Oh! what a sweetly thrilling chord
Quick vibrates through my frame;
At the mere mention of that word,
That still heart-hallow'd name,

Each band which earth had round me tied
Was sever'd when my mother died.

I would not have this feeling flee
For hours of unmix'd bliss;
God knows how hard my heart might be
If it were not for this.
Remembrance thus subdues my pride—
My heart was humbled when she died.

While I thy chast'ning hand confess,
Lord, bid each murmur cease;
She lived a life of usefulness;
Her end was "perfect peace."
Thy gracious presence light supplied,
To cheer death's valley when she died.

THE ADVENT.

Hark! from yonder purple cloud,
Angel voices hymning loud,
Swiftly flying to the earth,
Heralding Messiah's birth.

In the East a star appears,
Nobly moving through the spheres;
With express command stay
O'er the place where Jesus lay.

This directs the magi's mind,
Where the Holy Child to find;
While they costly offerings bring,
Tribute to their infant King.

And shall angel, star, and sage,
In these signs of joy engage,
While the souls he came to bless,
Live in cheerless thankfulness?

No! with them we'll join the cry,
"Glory be to God on high!"
And with loud hosannas sing,
Hallelujah to the King.

Thus with joy we hail the day
When the Lord in Bethlehem lay;
Oh! with equal joy may we
His concluding advent see!

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS AGNES L. — ON HER
MARRIAGE, MAY 25, 1848.

In allusion to her path to the Church having been strewn
with flowers by the Villagers.

Lady, forgive a rustic muse,
Who on this happy joyful day,
Presumes to hope you'll not refuse
Your native village Poet's lay.

While others strew your path along,
And deck with evergreens the way,
My offering is a simple song,
Expressive of my wish this day.

(To do full justice to my theme
Requires an abler pen than mine;
Yet let it be received the same,
Because the heart dictates each line.)

May Heaven's best choicest gifts descend
On you and yours in copious showers;
And may your path, till life shall end,
(As now) be always strewn with flowers.

As a professional sketch, the lines which succeed
must not be omitted:—

The following "Epitaph" on a favourite old horse, which
I groomed for three years—the property of W. H. Robeson,
Esq. of Bromsgrove—was written, and placed over a lock of
his mane which I had plaited, and preserved in the saddle
room, to prevent its destruction by my successor.

Stranger! whoe'er thou art, if thou'rt possessed
Of one kind gen'rous feeling in thy breast,
And hast a soul raised one degree above earth,
Or canst appreciate a horse's worth,
Spurn not this relic. Nay, now cease to laugh,
And read (if thou canst read) this "Epitaph."

In yonder field, beneath the walnut's shade,
Deep in the earth thy mangled limbs are laid,
Poor "King of Diamonds." Thy name a place
Deserves amongst the heroes of the chase,
For lightly o'er the rasper fence thou'dst bound,
Lured by the music of the deep-mouth'd hound,
And rank amongst the foremost in the field,
Until the game was either lost or killed.
No soil too heavy, and no fence too strong,
Too far no distance, and no day too long
For him. Confined not to the chase alone,
Along the road his excellence was known;
In harness he almost unrival'd stood,
And few could boast a Gligster half as good.
His equal more his master ne'er will boast,
And those who paint him truest praise him most.

In a future *Gazette*, we may give a few others of
his occasional pieces.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Feb. 16th.—Mr. Grove, "On Voltaic Ignition," commenced by reminding his hearers that nine years had elapsed since he had in that theatre brought to their notice a voltaic combination, by which effects, previously attainable only by costly apparatus, occupying a large space and unmanageable for practical purposes, could be produced by a small and comparatively inexpensive apparatus. Since that time many efforts had been made to apply the brilliant flame produced by the terminals of the voltaic battery to practical purposes of illumination, and although this evening's communication would principally relate to some points of scientific interest in the phenomena of voltaic ignition, and, indeed, he had intended it to apply exclusively to such, still as he found that many members of the institution expected him to refer to the problem of its practical application, he would, if the time permitted, state briefly his impressions as to the probability of success of such application. If each individual there present were asked to define, according to his separate notion, what heat was, each would probably give a different definition. The phenomena of sensation produced by secondary causes on the application of heat gave rise to various impressions, which presented great difficulties in the way of attaining anything like an abstract mental idea of heat. As far, however, as such could be obtained, it resolved itself into a conception of expansive or repulsive force taking place between the molecules of bodies on their temperature being increased, and causing such bodies to occupy more space with reference to other bodies than they previously did. He noticed the exception in the case of certain bodies when approaching the crystallizing or freezing points, and the assigned cause of it, and he also noticed the experiments by which evidence had been afforded of a repulsive action of heat at sensible distances, by Fresnel Saigey and Baden Powell. Mr. Grove next considered the mode in which heat might be produced, and having in his last communication at that table viewed heat in its mechanical relations, he proposed this evening to regard it when produced by chemical actions, which are themselves, perhaps, when rigidly investigated, mechanical. All chemical combination is attended by a development of heat, though this may sometimes be masked or overcome by accompanying physical dilatation. In the heat developed in chemical combination, each molecule of the one combining body acts upon the contiguous molecule of the other, and so the heat takes place throughout the whole mass with no definite direction. By the great discovery of Volta, chemical affinity can be transferred, and a chemical combination taking place at one point of space, can produce a chemical decomposition at another point, a chain of material particles of indefinite extent being interposed. Thus, he showed a decomposition produced, and the substance iodine evolved from a compound in which it previously existed, although long wires and his own body were interposed between the substances chemically combining and that undergoing decomposition. He explained the definite or measurable chemical character of this force. That which takes place with chemical action can also be exhibited with the heat produced by chemical action, which may be transferred from the locale of chemical action and made to appear in distinct points of space. Several experiments illustrative of this were shown, the ignition taking place at the points where the voltaic circuit was most contracted. This calorific effect differs according to the molecular structure of the voltaically ignited substance, and the nature of the surrounding medium; and in this, as in all other natural phenomena, not only the phenomenon under consideration, but all its attending circumstances, must be taken into account rightly to appreciate it. Thus, an ignition which is manifest to the senses in certain media, such as atmospheric air, is imperceptible without a more refined examination when in hydrogen gas and in many of its compounds. This is traceable to a cooling effect of the latter gases not de-

pendent upon their specific levity, their specific heat, or their conducting power, but apparently upon a molecular constitution, which enables them more rapidly to convey away the heat generated. Combustion is, probably, a similar effect, taking place between the contiguous molecules of substances chemically uniting, to that which takes place in voltaic ignition by the transferred power. Common flame bears the same relation to voltaic ignition which ordinary chemical action does to electrolysis, and the same effect of the surrounding media is observable in cases of ordinary combustion as those of voltaic ignition. Thus, as was shown, a jet of carburetted hydrogen burned in air gives a more diffuse and brilliant flame than when the converse takes place, and oxygen is burned in an atmosphere of carburetted hydrogen. From the cooling effect of hydrogenous gases, atmospheric air will not burn in these gases when issuing through a jet of the same size as that through which the oxygen will burn; but if a gas or vapour analogous in its chemical character to hydrogen be used, but which has not the same cooling effect, atmospheric air and even the human breath will burn. Thus, Mr. Grove, by breathing through a tube into a vessel containing the vapour of phosphorus, showed his own breath burning with flame, realizing the fabled power of breathing flames of fire. The terminals of a voltaic battery attract each other, and, if mobile, will approach: this was shown by making the terminals consist of a delicate conducting substance (gold leaf), which approach and coalesce. If then we conceive the terminals to consist of a very mobile conductor, such as a liquified or fused body, portions of this will pass from one terminal to another, and the portions being small, or, in other words, the circuit contracted, the molecules passing over will be highly ignited: this is the voltaic arc, one of the most interesting physical phenomena with which we are acquainted. This arc is also similarly affected by the surrounding medium: thus, he showed that between copper terminals a brilliant and continuous arc could be obtained in nitrogen gas, while in hydrogen gas all that could be obtained was a slight spark at the moment of disruption of continuity, although both these gases are alike in their inability to support combustion. Mr. Grove then passed to some theoretical considerations respecting voltaic ignition: it appeared to him that an action transverse to the line of direction of the voltaic current took place. He had discovered that when a platinum wire is fused by the voltaic current, but so placed as to retain its position, the fused wire contracts in length and ultimately snaps. When lead wire is similarly acted on, it distends into nodules which press upon each other, as a gullet tied with bands of string would when distended by air, and the nodules press upon each other, forming dividing facets. It is well known that with Franklinic electricity when a powerful discharge is passed through a narrow wire, the wire is shortened, and when the discharge is sufficient to explode the wire, the direction of the explosive force is indicated by lines transverse to the direction of the discharge. He described a most curious phenomenon, which he had observed in conjunction with Mr. Gassiot, when experimenting with a powerful battery belonging to the latter gentleman (500 cells of the nitric acid combination). With this battery the voltaic discharge can be taken from the surface of distilled water, and when the anode is immersed in water, and the cathode withdrawn from the surface, a lambent pyramid is projected from the water, the intense heat of which fuses the platinum wire forming the cathode, and a liquid globule of platinum, intensely incandescent, is suspended at the apex of this pyramid, apparently in mid air, and will not drop, being supported by a repulsive action, as a cork-ball is on a jet d'eau. This phenomenon he hoped to have an opportunity of further examining. Mr. Grove then passed to the consideration of certain practical applications of voltaic ignition and the voltaic arc, such as Endiometry, lighting mines, street-lighting, and light-houses. He had made some experiments six years ago on the subject, and then on one occasion delivered a lecture at the London Insti-

tution, the theatre being illuminated by the voltaic arc. In preparing the present lecture, he had made a rough calculation as to its expense, and the matter appeared to him (though attended with many practical difficulties) to be hopeful and promising. By interposing a voltmeter in the circuit while the arc was produced, the consumption in the battery could be calculated; for every chemical equivalent of hydrogen evolved in the voltmeter an equivalent of zinc, of sulphuric acid, and one-third of an equivalent of nitric acid, would be consumed in each cell of the battery. Supplying these data for calculation, and making proper allowance for the amount of water contained in the commercial acids, &c., the theoretical expense of a battery such as he was exhibiting (fifty cells of the nitric acid combination, each platinum plate two inches by four) would be about two shillings an hour. He had tested by the photometric method of equality of shadows the intensity of the light as compared with a common wax candle, and found that after the battery had been an hour at work the voltaic light was to the candle as 1444 to 1. He did not take this comparison of intensities as an absolutely fair practical comparison, nor did he give the above as a practical calculation, but thought it would be safe if twice that expense, or four shillings per hour, were assumed; the actual expense of charging the battery for a given time of action bore this out. He showed the inferiority of central as compared with separate lights for street illumination, but for light-houses, particularly for an intermittent light at regular intervals, or for signal lights, the application appeared to him to be reasonably approximate; and for more general purposes far from hopeless—the practical difficulties, though undoubtedly not small, being, in his opinion, by no means insurmountable.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

Jan 15th.—Colonel P. York in the chair. The following papers were read:—"On the Salts of Selenious Acid," by Dr. S. Maspratt. The author undertook the investigation of these salts with a view to establish their analogy with the carbonates and sulphates, which they resemble in chemical constitution. Selenious acid was prepared by dissolving selenium in fuming nitric acid, evaporating the solution to dryness, and subliming the acid. The author finds that sulphurous acid does not precipitate pure selenium from selenious acid, in the cold (as has been stated formerly), but that when the acids are heated together a vermilion-coloured precipitate of selenium separates. The acid is very stable but deliquescent, and is not converted into selenic acid by exposure to the air. The neutral salts of selenious acid, with potassa, soda, and ammonia, have a very caustic taste and an alkaline reaction; they are extremely soluble in water, and remarkably deliquescent, undergoing decomposition unless carefully dried over sulphuric acid. Their solutions have a reddish tint, from the presence of a small quantity of reduced selenium. Boracic, phosphoric, and sulphuric acids expel selenious acid from its compounds with the aid of heat. The latter acid was used in the analysis of the salts. Many of the selenites lose their acid when exposed to heat, others part with a portion only, and some are perfectly fixed. The author describes the methods of obtaining an extensive series of the salts of this acid, and likewise states their composition as deduced from analyses. "On some newly-discovered substances from the African Guano Deposits," by T. S. Herapath. The subject of this paper was found in large crystalline masses in a cargo of guano from the Island of Ichaboe. It was very soluble in water, and had a specific gravity 1.6151. It was recrystallized, and gave on analysis a composition closely corresponding to the double phosphate of soda and ammonia; the author proposes the name of stercorite for this substance. Another salt was met with in the same cargo, which, after recrystallization, yielded by analysis numbers very nearly equivalent to the phosphate of ammonia with $1\frac{1}{2}$ atom of water; this salt was first described by Mr. Teschemacher, as occurring in guano, but from want of sufficient

material he was unable to give an analysis. "Analysis of Thames Water," by Mr. M. Ashley. The specimen analyzed was collected at London Bridge about half an hour after high water; its specific gravity was 1.0001; it yielded by analysis 28.5901 grains of solid constituents in the imperial gallon, consisting of carbonate lime, 8.1165; chloride calcium, 6.0741; chloride sodium, 2.3733; sulphate soda, 3.1025; sulphate potash, 2.695; chloride magnesium, .0798; silicic acid, .1239; insoluble organic matter, 4.6592; soluble organic matter, 2.3380 = 28.0385. It contained, also, 8.8076 cubic inches of free carbonic acid in the imperial gallon.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Feb. 7th.—Dr. Roget in the Chair.—Mr. E. Highton read the second part of a "Paper on Improvements in Electric Telegraphs and new plans for printing by Electricity." In his illustrated treatment of the action of the galvanic battery, an arrangement of batteries, producing what the author called the "Electrical Paradox," was exhibited. The author also exhibited the "Gold Leaf Telegraph," and remarked on the very small amount of resistance offered to the electric current by this arrangement, which was shown at work by electricity developed from a burning taper. The gold leaf telegraph, it was stated, had been practically used in Germany during the last year and a half, and had given every satisfaction. The next subject treated of was the line wires. Here the author remarked on the laws of the transmission of the electrical power over them, and showed how the peculiarities attendant on the use of electricity in connexion with line wires for telegraphic purposes might be most advantageously employed. The action of natural displays of the electrical power in the form of lightning and the Aurora Borealis on the line wires was described. Various experiments were made by the author during the evening. The paper was illustrated by numerous diagrams, and a series of new electric telegraphs were exhibited at work.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 14.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelors in Divinity*.—Rev. W. Niven, Sidney Sussex; Rev. R. Smith, Queen's, Compositur.
Masters of Arts.—Rev. E. H. Hunter, Trinity.
Bachelors of Arts.—J. Ellerton, O. L. Mansell, Trinity.
J. J. Wilkinson, M.A., of Queen's College, Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem*.
OXFORD, Feb. 15.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. R. B. Carew, Christ Church; Rev. J. C. Cox, J. Saver, Trinity; Rev. H. Hayman, Fellow of St. John's; Rev. R. A. Rawstorne, Rev. J. A. Ogilby, Rev. G. A. Perryn, Brasenose; J. L. Sandys-Lumsdaine, Oriel.
Bachelors of Arts.—S. St. Peter Langton, Magdalen Hall; W. H. Woolrich, Pembroke; F. W. Foster, Scholar of Balliol.

Mr. H. M. Vaughan's appointment by her Majesty, to succeed the late Dr. Cramer, as Regius Professor of Modern History, was communicated in convocation.
Dublin University.—Mrs. Wray has presented to the University the sum of 500*l.* to found a prize for Logic and Metaphysics, to be competed for by students in their second year, and to be called the "Wray Prize," in commemoration of the Rev. Henry Wray, D.D., late Vice-Provost of Trinity College.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Feb. 8th.—Lord Mahon in the chair. Mr. Thomas Windus exhibited several chasings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, one supposed to be the work of Benvenuto Cellini. The Rev. Edward Wilton exhibited a copper shield-shaped badge, found at West Lavington, on which Mr. King, York herald, communicated some observations. The shield bore the arms of England, differenced with a label of three points, and was remarkable from the circumstance of the labels bearing two fleurs de lis only, instead of the usual number, three. The same deviation Mr. King had observed in one other instance only—namely, in the three royal shields in the roof of the church at Yarmouth, in Norfolk, in which the arms of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, are differenced with a label of three points, each charged with two ermine

spots; those of his brother, Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, with a label, each point of which is charged with two torteauxes; and of John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, a label of five points, the first three labels charged with two ermine spots, and the remaining two with two fleurs de lis. Sir Henry Ellis communicated a copy of a letter from the Harleian MSS., from Queen Elizabeth to Sir William Pelham, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, blaming him for neglect in his government, and warning him to look more carefully to his conduct for the future. Mr. Foss communicated observations on the Court of Trailbaston, instituted at the commencement of the fourteenth century. The object of Mr. Foss's observations was to show that the designation had its origin from the practices of those whose conduct the institution was intended to repress and punish. This paper gave rise to some discussion. The Rev. J. Hunter, Mr. Thoms, and Mr. J. P. Collier, made some remarks on a passage relating to the Trailbastons, found in the old popular romance of *Jack of Reading*; and Mr. Wright stated that there was among the records, at the Rolls House, an original volume of minutes of the proceedings of the Commission of Trailbaston, which would no doubt clear up much of the mystery with which the subject seemed to be considered as enveloped.

Feb. 15th.—Mr. Hallam, V.P., in the chair. Mr. Porrett exhibited the head of a battle axe of bronze, found at Heathfield, in Sussex. It bore the figure of a dragon full faced, and was made to fit into a mortice. This object has been added to the weapons preserved in the Armoury in the Tower. Mr. Traherne exhibited a very fine spear head in bronze, found in Glamorganshire in 1847. Mr. Collier exhibited the original petition of Leyland, of which a copy was read at the previous meeting. It was evidently written in the common law hand of the day, and not in the hand of the antiquary, if he be the individual to whom it relates. Sir Henry Ellis communicated an extract from a letter among the Cottonian MSS., from Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Essex, blaming him for his neglect of the government of Ireland, and especially for his temporizing with Tyrone, and conferring with him alone at the Ford of Balla Clinch. This led to the Earl's resignation of the government of the island. A communication from Mr. Hyde Clarke, in illustration of passages in Bede's Ecclesiastical History, and the peopling of England by the Angles. He traced the migrations and settlement of the Varinghi or Varini, and attempted to identify the different peoples who colonized Britain. Mr. Shepherd communicated a note on the term *trailbaston*, and cited various passages in the Bible, especially that in Isaiah, in which mention is made of the grounded staff.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Jan. 25th.—Henry Hallam, Esq., president, in the chair. At this meeting, the subject brought forward for reading was, a translation by Mr. Hamilton, of a memoir by M. Dirksen, of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin, "On the Law of the Emperor Zeno, respecting the construction and arrangement of Private Houses in Constantinople." The codex of Justinian comprises a collection of the laws relating to both public and private buildings in the empire, including the enactments on this subject of various emperors, beginning with Severus and Antoninus. The Theodosian code, particularly, seems to have furnished a model, in this respect, for the system compiled under Justinian; but the document most remarkable, and most worthy of attention (at least, among those of a date subsequent to the reign of Theodosius), for the important information which it hands down, in relation to this curious subject, is the ordinance of the Emperor Zeno. This ordinance is described as an instruction to the prefects of the city of Constantinople; and, as a municipal law of a place inhabited by Greeks, is drawn up in the Greek tongue. Justinian himself declares it to be the most important of all such regulations; and accordingly, in his redaction of the codex of the constitutions, he

made it supersede the corresponding ordinance of the Emperor Leo I.; and he thought it expedient to enact, by a special law, that this ordinance should become, from a simple civic decree, the universal law of the empire. Notwithstanding all these circumstances, however, there is hardly any other existing document of the Roman constitutional law, of which it can, on such good grounds, be said, that the decree of the legislator was indeed known as to its outward form and details, but never duly appreciated in respect to its real character, purport, and contents. Previous to the valuable remarks of Dirksen, which were designed to supply this omission, the law itself, as likewise translated by Mr. Hamilton, from the codex Justinianus, was read. At this meeting, the distinguished traveller and archaeologist, Mr. Layard, was elected an honorary member of the society.

Feb. 28th.—Colonel Leake, V.P., in the chair. The reading for this day consisted of the introductory portion of Dirksen's commentary on the above-mentioned law of the Emperor Zeno. The facts brought forward by the learned German related chiefly to the first appearance of Zeno's original text in the MSS. of the Greek Novellæ of Justinian, and to the various subsequent forms in which it is to be met with, particularly to its transfer from the Novellæ to the Codex of the Constitutions. The subject led to many observations on the collections of Roman laws, as well to the different views of Zeno's law taken by the different commentators.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Feb. 21st.—Council Meeting.—Sir W. Betham in the chair. Communications were received from—1. Mr. Halliwell, historical notices of Islip, Oxfordshire. 2. The Rev. Beale Poste, in continuation of his papers on the coins of the Britons. 3. Mr. Jerdan, an exhibition of a mediæval seal, of one of the De la Chapelles, found at Lewes. 4. Mr. Baigart, architectural peculiarities of Hurstborne Priors, Hants. 5. The Rev. C. Wellbeloved, a recent discovery of a hoard of Roman consular and imperial silver coins, in Yorkshire. 6. Mr. F. Crossley, a paper of contributions to philology. 7. The Rev. E. G. Walford, it was mentioned, was superintending the excavation of a Roman villa in the neighbourhood of Chipping Warden. 8. Mr. Roach Smith exhibited a map illustrative of his collections for Roman London, and as marking the particular spot in St. Mary Axe, where a Roman tessellated pavement had been cut through by persons in the employ of the Commissioners of Sewers. This pavement, it is remarkable, was immediately beneath the present streets, at the junction of Camomile-street, St. Mary Axe, and Bevis Marks. Mr. Smith detailed other acts of vandalism lately perpetrated by the Commissioners of Sewers.

THE PERILS OF ANTIQUARIAN PURSUITS.

In "All's Well" (and a good title it is) Shakspeare seems to think that archæological pursuits ought to be some protection to a man, for he makes one of his threatening characters exclaim—

"Hadst thou not the privilege of Antiquity about thee,"

I would, and so I would! But the London Commission of Sewers have no such respect for the science. Our readers know how all the Roman treasures which have been discovered during many years in the City have disappeared or been destroyed; and that but for the laudable and zealous exertions of three or four individuals, hardly a trace of them could be found. At last, it seems as if the authorities were getting awake to their interest, and we should not be surprised to see them set up a museum in the Mansion House, co-ordinate with turtle feeds. At any rate, they will suffer no interlopers to preserve even those things for which they have hitherto not only evinced no value, but have entirely dispersed, and suffered to be scattered to the winds. Will it be credited that, on Thursday, Mr. Roach Smith was summoned to appear before the sitting magistrate, Sir G. Carroll, for having in his possession a piece of carved statuary, claimed to belong to the Sewerage powers. It is, nevertheless, absurd as it may be, a great fact. Mr.

W. Saunders conducted the case for the Commissioners, and produced two men in their employment, to prove that Mr. Smith had bought from them a piece of stone, or something else, dug up somewhere near St. Bevis Marks, but their testimony was so vague and contradictory, that the magistrate dismissed the discreditable foolery at once.

We have learnt that the relic in question, a legless, eyeless, mutilated little Tom Thumb of a figure, had been handed about for days by these servants, before they applied to Mr. Smith to purchase it; that no agent for the Commissioners had ever sought him on the subject; and that the contractor for the "diggings" had neither orders to secure nor take the least care of any antiquities which might turn up. It seems to have been altogether a spite, as a revenge on Mr. Smith, for his charging the Commission of Sewers as being one of two civic bodies who have recklessly destroyed so many London antiquities, and are at this moment cutting to pieces a tessellated pavement, within fifty yards of the spot where "the carved statuary" was brought to light.

What it really is, we hope to inform our readers in our next *Gazette*.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 84 p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.—Royal Academy, (Sir R. Westmacott's third lecture on Sculpture) 8 p.m.

Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 84 p.m.—Civil Engineers, (Mr. Braidwood on Fire-proof Buildings) 8 p.m.—Zoological, 9 p.m.

Wednesday.—Ethnological, 8 p.m.

Thursday.—Medical and Chirurgical, (Anniversary) 4 p.m.—Zoological, 8 p.m.—Royal, 84 p.m.—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.—Royal Academy, (Mr. Leslie's third lecture on Painting) 8 p.m.

Friday.—Royal Institution, (Professor E. Forbes, on the question—"Have new Species of Organized Beings appeared since the Creation of Man?") 84 p.m.—Botanical, 8 p.m.

Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 p.m.—Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

MORE WORDS ABOUT THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.

"Strange that such difference should be
"Twixt tweddle-dum and tweddle-dee."

A Few Remarks on the Chandos Portrait of Shakspeare. By H. Rumsey Forster. And a Letter upon the same, by H. Rodd. (Fifty copies printed for private distribution.)

A CRAZY sort of fellow, some months since, gave public lectures to prove that there never was such an individual as Shakspeare, and that the whole tradition about him and his productions was a mere myth. Had he taken in hand to prove that there never was a portrait painted of him, we are inclined to think he might have carried general conviction with him. The disputes on the subject are so perplexing, and the evidence on nearly every point so uncertain, whether as regards the traditionary descent by possession, the comparison of the different painters to whom a supposed original or early copy is attributed, dates and engravings, that we would as soon undertake to loosen the Gordian knot as to settle the question. Therefore we leave Droueshout, the Stratford monument, Zoest, Burbage, Janssen,* the Felton Head, (now in the possession of Mr. Nichol, and ascribed to Burbage from the letters R.B. on the back of the panel,) Hilliard's miniature, and all the rest, in the bare hope that sometime or other a discovery may arise to limit the pretensions if not to finish the controversy. Meanwhile, instead of speculating upon the volume before us (wherein the Chandos Portrait is argued to be most distinctly by Janssen) we shall content ourselves with printing a letter addressed to us by Mr. H. Rodd, merely remarking that nearly all the matter he has referred to in extracts from our contemporary ought to be fathered upon the Stowe Catalogue and the publications of Mr. Wivell in 1827

* Pilkington says Janssen was born at Amsterdam in 1590, and came to England in 1618; but in Dalloway's edition of Walpole, the date of his birth is left doubtful; and Sandrart avers that he was born in London, of Flemish parents. Shakspeare died in 1616.

and 1840, where the substance and often the words are to be found.

London, Feb. 22nd, 1849.

SIR,—Spare me, I pray you, a small space in your valuable columns, to reply to the complimentary notice of myself, and upon picture-dealers in general, in the *Athenæum* of last week.

I have had the audacity to print an article for private circulation, being the reprint of a letter inserted in the Stowe Catalogue with my initials only, (H. R.,) which might as well have passed with the public for Henry Rogers as for Horatio Rodd, but for the good intentions of my well-meaning friend, Henry Rumsey Forster, Esq. I am charged by the editorial "We" with exhibiting too much of the Sir Positive-at-all in that letter; also, with not having condescended to notice what Vertue and Walpole have written in opposition to my opinions, as therein expressed; and I am further set down with being a "full believer in the genuineness of the Chandos portrait of Shakspeare." These are weighty crimes, Mr. Editor, no doubt, and I tremble greatly whilst I am entering on my defence. The point at issue is, whether the portrait in question was painted by Cornelius Jansen, by Richard Burbage, or is "a copy of the Kneller age (because it has a 'yellow border') from a well-known portrait, for which Shakspeare sat." As to its being a portrait of Shakspeare, I have never ventured to express an opinion on the subject. I have merely said—"Presuming its pedigree correct, and that it is true what Mr. Boaden says, 'there is abundant proof existing that Jansen painted the poet in his lifetime,' &c., it may fairly be said to be the portrait for which Shakspeare sat." Sir Positive-know-all, however, asserts that "there is no doubt that this is the portrait which Davenant believed to be like Shakspeare, and which Kneller, before 1692, copied and presented to glorious John Dryden, who repaid the painter with one of the best of his admirable epistles." He also says, "We have had an opportunity of inspecting it both before and after the sale, and in the very best light, and have no hesitation in saying, that the copies we have seen of it are very far from like." There is nothing, you will perceive, "positive" in this! Now for the superlative, the crushing evidence against me. "It has (says my courteous criticiser) evidently been touched upon; the yellow oval border that surrounds it has the look of the Kneller age." "Our own opinion, after a careful examination, is, that the Chandos picture is not the original for which Shakspeare sat, but a copy made for Sir William Davenant from some known and acknowledged portrait. Further than this we cannot go." What a pity! We must take his own opinion at its full value. And now, let us see its worth. Here is the touchstone: I have not condescended to notice what Vertue and Walpole have said about Cornelius Jansen, and therefore must be wrong. The *Athenæum* has, and therefore must be right. But why did not Sir Positive-know-all tell us what Sandrart wrote upon that point? He (Sandrart) lived much nearer to the time of Jansen than either Vertue or Walpole, who, after all, are nearly synonymous, for Walpole only edited Vertue's papers; and Sandrart, who is more to be relied upon, says he (Jansen) was born in England. Walpole mentions only a few of the portraits by Jansen. In Dalloway's edition, he notices upwards of thirty, many of which, I am persuaded, were painted before 1618, having had one recently with the date of 1614 upon it, of William, Lord Willoughby of Parham, who died in 1617. Moreover, I never saw a foreign portrait by Jansen until after he was driven out of England by the superior talent of Vandyke, after which his style of painting was entirely changed. As for the courtesy of the painters of that time, I do know two suns cannot shine in one hemisphere at the same moment; but I have yet to learn, that one painter cannot or will not come to England until another has paid the debt of nature, or that it is requisite for him to live in the same house in order to possess the same talent; the days of miracles I thought had passed by, and I did not expect another Elijah's mantle to fall upon Elisha.

Not deeming it prudent to rely too much upon his witnesses, George Vertue and Horace Walpole, he has followed the example of the lawyer who instructed his counsel to "abuse the plaintiff's attorney, as he had no real defence," and hence arises the indiscriminate attack upon the picture trade of which I am a member; but I shall leave them to deal with him as they please, contenting myself by defying him to prove against me one single act of the kind attributed to them during the thirty years I have been in business. And now let Sir Positive-at all ask Mr. Positive-know-all, what he knows about pictures, except from what he reads? Does he know the composition of a picture? Did he ever clean one? I very much doubt it, or he would never mistake brown for yellow. I would as soon trust a broken limb in the hands of a man whose knowledge of anatomy was gleaned from "Bell's Surgery" or "Rees's Encyclopædia" as I would pin my faith in pictures upon such ignorant pretenders. One word more, and I have done. My courteous critic says, "It would be still more easy to refute and ridicule some of the suppositions thrown out by me on the portraits of the seventeenth century produced in this country." I could quote numerous authorities in support of my opinions; but

"Why should I seek to drain the ocean dry,
To waft a feather or to drown a fly?"

It is not the first time that I have "rushed into print," and I trust, when I write impartially and candidly, as I did in the letter that has caused such trouble to "We" of the *Athenæum*, that I shall be proof against his castigation—

"His Whip of cricket's bone
And Lash of film."

and shall therefore dismiss the subject, by reiterating my belief that the Chandos Portrait is an original by Cornelius Jansen, and taken from the life; and until that opinion is combatted by one better versed in the manner and style of the old English portraits than my antagonist has shown himself to be, "he shall not rail the seal from off my bond." In taking leave, I beg to thank the learned *Athenæum* for the credit he gives me. "He talks as familiarly" (quoth my alliterating-round-period-assimilating instructor) "of Jansens as of Jervases;" and why should I not? Jansen copied no one's style, nor was his style copied; am I obliged to say this for the information of my would-be informer? Jervas lived in an age with Gibson, Highmore, Dahl, Ellis, Beard, Aikman, Pond, Richardson, and twenty others, from many of whose works it is more difficult to distinguish his pencil than it would be for me to decide whether the Chandos Portrait was painted in the "Kneller age," because it has a "yellow oval," or by Cornelius Jansen, whose style is unlike that of any other master.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant,
Feb. 15, 1849.

H. RODD.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

No. 70, "Parson Adams wading the water whilst absorbed in *Æschylus*," R. W. Buss. A very quaint and amusing passage in the course of that simple and original character. Mr. Buss has cleverly illustrated the novelist.

No. 73, "Frosty Morning," C. Branwhite. 246, "The Deserted," C. Branwhite. Two entirely opposite effects in colour are exhibited in these pictures. The first is circumstantially true, and reminds us of similar works in the Dutch and Flemish schools; the best of which, except where extraordinary skill in perspective has been shown, never gratified us much. For manipulation and detail our countryman is equal to the task, and the scatterry snow patches exactly represent the natural scene. The imitation is complete: the effect on the mind small. In "The Deserted" a higher sentiment is evolved; but we do not think the red or ruddily colour carried through the various parts altogether congenial with its unity.

No. 80, "A Reverie," E. T. Parris. Enough to remind us of the artist's great talents.

No. 85, "Cinderella's Return from the Ball," Mrs. Whitmarsh, is a lively piece, at the very point where the late heroine and her equipage are resolving themselves into their original poor and insignificant

elements. It does much credit to the lady's pencil; and would make a superb frontispiece to an ambitiously illustrated edition of the popular tale.

Nos. 89, 97, two pieces from *Lalla Rookh*, L. W. Desanges; and 470, a religious incident—"A Romish Priest prohibiting the reading of the Bible," are (especially the first two) creditable efforts in art, and creditably executed.

No. 102, "Jesse and the Widow," from Crabbe's *Tales*, T. Clater. One of the most persevering of artists, and never failing to produce pictures carefully painted, and telling their stories in a clear and truthful manner, of which this is a fair example.

No. 111, "Evening," A. Clint. A singular effect, and meritoriously treated; see also 497.

No. 112, "Summer Amusement," Mr. W. Carpenter; and 314, "Winter Amusement." Always natural, and eminently pleasing. In the first, the child scooping away at its little wooden toy-boat, is a charming bit; and in the last there is the same facility with infant form interest in the adoption of subject, and freedom of handling.

No. 120, "Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still," J. Martin. A repetition, with considerable alterations, of the great work on which Mr. Martin might rest his fame without fear of competition. It is a gorgeous and most impressive scene; ranging high amid the poetically supernatural. The tremendous human action on the foreground is (as it were) shared by the wild stormy aspects of the heavens themselves. The clouds are driven by no common tempest; the lightnings flash from all which directs the issue of the conflict, and overrules the laws of nature. Well has our poet-painter caught the inspiration of the text, and illustrated the recorded miracle in all its awful parts.

No. 138, "The Broken Chord," W. Fisher. Besides apparently a nice little performance from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* (53), this is a touching sentiment, and sweetly expressed. The broken chord of the instrument is but too truly attuned to a chord in the fair player's heart. There is a fine union in the discord.

No. 139, "Italian Fishing Craft off Leghorn," E. W. Cooke. For beautiful transparency and tone throughout, is equal to one of Callcott's works, which brought such prices at the sale; nor is 8, "Dutch Boats off Amsterdam, nor 365, "Off Scheveling," in any way of inferior execution. The three serve (in short) to continue the series of sea-views, from the production of which the artist occupies so proud a position in our national school. His choice of subjects is always judicious and picturesque; and his treatment of them not less successful.

No. 151, "Strawberry Gatherers in Norbury Woods," R. Redgrave, A.R.A. A delightful miniature landscape, and delightful occupation. Who would not wish to have a half-day's holiday so occupied in Norbury Woods!

No. 154, "Domestic Ducks, after Nature," J. F. Herring. We hardly agree with the title: the ducks are not *after* nature, but nature herself—an admirably painted group.

No. 181, "The celebrated Interview between C. J. Fox and Napoleon, 1801," T. M. Jay, is, we are sorry to say, a marked failure of the very tea-tray order. Fox without intellect, and Buonaparte without expression, are no historic, and hardly good pot-house, characters.

No. 186, "A Sketch," by R. Rothwell, is a brilliant example of colouring.

No. 214, "Death of the Banished Lord," R. T. Bott, is a brave attempt at historical composition, or rather of a bit of Victor Hugo's romance of history. There are parts which promise better things: the whole is not so satisfactory.

No. 273, "Burns and Captain Grose," R. S. Lander. The two characters are well designed, and the knick-knacks cleverly painted. The likeness to Burns agrees with his youthful portrait; we are not aware where the artist obtained his Antiquary, whom he has hardly made so fat as the poet has described him. What authority he has for the strange bonny

lasses is still more questionable; but whatever could bring them there with their *espiglerie*, they add much to the spirit and effect of the picture.

No. 273, "A scene from the *Taming of the Shrew*," J. E. Lander. A very well executed dramatic scene.

No. 292, "The Picture Gallery, Stafford House," J. D. Wingfield, is an elaborate representation of this magnificent suite of apartments, with the pictures on walls, well defined. The luxuries of furniture and dress are skilfully copied, and the figures well disposed. Altogether, it furnishes a perfect idea of the sumptuous palace, and displays both great skill and great patience in the painter.

The Eve of the Battle of Edge Hill. By C. Lander. —This painting is exhibited at Messrs. H. Squire and Co.'s, and well deserves a visit from every lover of art, and all who wish to see our native school exerting itself successfully in cultivating the high branch of history. The subject is admirably treated, and the grouping is perfect. The King, Prince Rupert, and the Earl of Lindsey, are nobly placed in the centre, and their figures finely varied by inferior personages, a dog in high relief, and other accessories in excellent keeping. The whole must raise the reputation of the artist, already so justly prized, for his efforts in this line of art.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

MEAT, OR NO MEAT?

"That is the Question."—*Hamblett*.*

1. *Dietetics: An Endeavour to Ascertain the Law of Human Nutriment.* By Ch. Lane. Whittaker & Co. 1849.
2. *A Book about the Beef, or a Paper on Provisions at the Garrick's Head.* Renton Nicholson, (the popular Judge), &c. 1842.
3. *The Experienced Butcher, &c.* Pp. 198, with Index, &c. Darton, Harvey, and Dorton; Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy. 1816.

1. Of dietetics by Charles Lane, we may say,—if every thing asserted in print were true and convincing, this would be as true and convincing a book as ever was published—if nine-tenths (and more) of the assertions in a book were mere unfounded assumptions, it would be as foolish a performance as could be, and this is!

Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and Mr. Lane seems to have been prompted by it to become an author. If no animals are killed, every Goose will be safe. What would he more?

But if we are to kill no more creatures for eating, it must be a still greater offence to kill them wantonly for not eating. What then is to become of the living stock. Are all the geese to go on and multiply in, and on, common.

And all the other beasts too. The cows and the bulls, (then Urns,) the horses, (then Mazeppa-ish,) the dogs, (then wolves,) the hogs, (then wild-boars,) the cats, (then tigers,) the vermin of every sort, all *feræ nature* in a wild and savage state, in numbers uncountable, and destroying and eating us. And even the innocent baa-lambs and sheep, goats, deer, mice, (and such small deer,) every bird of the air, from sparrows to pheasants, and tomtits to blackcock, fowls, rabbits, hares, and other speculators in grass and grain; they will be still worse for the Vegetarian People, for they will increase to such a degree that they will consume all their food, their fruit, their pulse, their seeds, their corn, their kidney and other beans, their peas, marrowfat and long-pod, their green herbs and dainty salads.

They must experience the full effect of Burns' anathema poured upon them, and—

"Curst be their basket and their store,
Kail and potatoes!"

and so the Vegetarians will all be starved, famished

* A first-rate living authority!

† Countenanced by the Poem on the comparative ages of animals, in which swine and turtle-doves have twenty-five years to live assigned to them; hares, cats, and sheep about ten; rams and dogs about fifteen; goats and pigeons only eight; but the ass till thirty; and the Goose, with men, spins out a term of three-score years and ten!

to death; and between the carnivorous and graminivorous myriads that cover the land they must cease to live like men, or vegetate like the thistle-chewing quadrupeds.

Such would be the fate of the bipeds (wiser than the Creator of all things) who would change the whole system of nature. And their cant of humanity for poor dumb beasts, that cannot speak for themselves at public meetings; and therefore other beasts, who can speak, get much applause by saying something pathetic for them. They absolutely do not perceive that the hardships, and sufferings, and deaths which animals receive at the hand of man, mitigated by care and sustenance, cultivated with infinite pains for their use, and the brief pang of unconscious fate, render earth a paradise to them and a comfort to humanity, to what it would be if they were all left in the barren waste of spontaneous production, to increase without interruption, and turn the world into a howling wilderness. Their starvation, the tortures they would inflict on each other, their fierce, bloody, and everlasting conflicts, their untended sick, and wounded, and dying, lingering out long periods like ages of misery, would turn all that is fair and beautiful into a chaotic shambles. Let Mr. Lane point to any portion of the globe where animal life is left to an unchecked ascendency, and then ask any Englishman with a mind on a line above the low index degree of idiocy to *try* to make England like it, for vegetarians to *try* to stuff and wallow in it. But we tell him they could not do so. With the other senseless brutes, so multiplied, it could not be "live and let live;" they could not co-exist together, any more than a naked Caffre and his family could lodge safely in their frail wigwam next door to the den of an African lion and lioness and their cubs. Depend upon it if he did not commit regicide, the king of the beasts would devour him and all his little ones at one fell swoop.

There does appear to be tremendous absurdity in the extent to which it is attempted to stretch the simple principle of moderation in flesh eating, into the monstrous phantasy of abstaining altogether from animal food. (See *Literary Gazette*, No. 1630, for an account of the *Diet of Worms*, observed by the friends of this movement, which bodes no lasting life to grubs and caterpillars.) If any individuals conceive their health to be improved by devouring a load of mashed cabbages instead of a mutton chop, or mixed macedoine of potatoes, onions, leeks, savoy, spinach, brocoli, and beet-root, instead of a raised pie, in the name of Glass, Rundell, Ude, and Soyer, let them do it. But they must not come the long Lane over others, and, almost without a turning, abuse persons who can relish a beef-steak, as fools, barbarians, monsters of cruelty, disgusting wretches, murderers and cannibals. This is carrying the joke too far; but Mr. Lane is an abjurer of all that is fleshly, he does not mince the matter, it goes against the grain, and he reviles and punishes accordingly. It is war to the knife: Charles Lane *versus* Pudding Lane (called also, some time ago, Butchers' Hall Lane, from the Hall of their Company being appropriately erected there); and yet his mania is exceedingly weak and impotent after the abler publication of his prototypes, Oswald, *The Cry of Nature*, and Ritson on *The Abstinence from Animal Food a Moral Duty*. It is all rage and fury, signifying nothing. We could hardly have imagined that a varlet fed upon beans, garlick, &c., could have been so impudent, even though aware that such belly-timber was apt to blow the recipient up with wind and vanity (see Spain, *en passant*). But it so provoked us that we had a rumpsteak for dinner, so as to be in a fit condition to rump the Lane that had nettled us.*

His style also is trashy (which we should antici-

pate), prolix and provoking. He sets out by speaking of "one habit (which) so closely ram-ifies and reticulates with another, that no one item can be rejected as of no concern," and so forth. He not only accuses the consumers of flesh diet as the originators of all their own diseases, but he charges on the return of recent animal manures to the ground, the corruption of the soil and the diseases of plants in our fields and gardens. A lot of trite comparative and not very accurate anatomy follows. He is strong for "the pratties," though their nourishing qualities are rather at a discount with every intelligent investigator into the relative nutrition contained in all articles of food.—"Potatoes and bread (he says) are the staple diet of those who execute the most laborious works. So much so that the failure of these crops leads to famine, disease, and death, and hazards the stability of governments." So we should think would the failure of any other kind of food:—by the crop of bread, we presume he does not mean the bread-fruit tree, but wheat, barley, rye, or oats, (Yankee "bread-stuffs.") Then he falls foul of salt as an irritant, (p. 23,)—the salt of the earth! the conservative principle throughout the universe, the stopper of corruption, the healer of sores, the defier of decay; the beneficent salt of the sea, the material diffused everywhere by Providence for the good of man and beast is stigmatized because if it cure diseases, it also cures pork and other murdered provisions! The next proposition we come to is of a piece with the rest,—"Since many persons have effected this change (a reform in their diet and ceasing the use of flesh) when they were afflicted by sickness, for the improvement of their health, there seems little reason to doubt that it might be commenced by persons in health, for the purpose of continually securing that essential element in human happiness." This is a pretty example of the *non sequitur*. Because a sick person is restored to health by a certain regimen, a healthy person should resort to the same regimen! For what? Not to let well alone, but to become what they are—healthy! There is the genius of Jerusalem artichoke here! "It is," he goes on, "to be regretted that the whole globe does not yet afford one clear absolute example of a nation conforming, in all its customs, to incontrovertible physiological laws. Nor do the several nations live in such a singleness of error as to enable us to ascertain the precise effects of any specific violation of those laws"—i. e. Lane's bye-laws. He says, the Irish are "too dirty and uninformed to be classed among Vegetarians," which is odd, seeing they live so entirely on vegetables, and ought, according to the whole of his argument, to be consequently a physically stouter and mentally superior order of beings. In short, he avers you may, in spite of this clumsy contradiction, do anything by means of a sagacious course, or rotation, of vegetable feeding, especially with children: for "in infancy, the materials are more plastic; you may model the future statesman, philosopher, historian, and poet." How we lament that the particulars are not given: it may be hot-potch to make the future statesman, (quære politician,) colcannon the philosopher, stewed dates the historian, and gooseberry-fool the poet. But we only guess! and do not, as Shakspeare (from whom the idea is stolen) has it in *Julius Caesar*, "Turn pre-ordination, and first decree, into the Lane of children."

"The immorality of a flesh diet is a conviction past doubt or dispute in every mind which has duly and fairly entertained the subject." And to this broad assertion are pinned several others; as, for example:—"To the single-eyed mind [what a queer monologic phenomenon!] it is plainly revealed that, so long as the moral and intellectual faculties are blunted and obscured by the use of such articles, no sound or happy individuals can exist." Whence it follows, as a direct and incontrovertible corollary, that Mr. Charles Lane, abstaining from the use of such articles, has not his moral and intellectual faculties blunted, and "argyl" possesses an unblunted mind of the highest intellectual order. This will account for the astonishing cleverness of his book. And so in regard to other human Boetianisms

and Perfections. "Can we fail (he exclaims, with well-grounded self-conceit) to perceive at a glance, how much ill-manners, ill-temper, and roughness, are generated on all sides by flesh eating?" On the contrary, the converse holds with Mr. Lane the turnip eater. In him ill-temper or roughness would be impossible, and as for politeness, Chesterfield (a flesh-man) is a clown to him. And then how pitiful he is! He warns you—"When you place in your bosom the flesh that painfully died, you cannot marvel that pain is produced in you: the throes of death are prolonged in the eater, notwithstanding the cook's subtle arts." Soyer, defend yourself, and listen to the Sage (without the onions), "*Man has simply to leave the animals alone as he leaves the planets.*" Let Lord Rosse and Dr. Robinson look to it. Gastronomy and astronomy are akin to a letter; and taurus (beef), aries (mutton), pisces (fish), cancer (shell-fish), cygnus (poultry), in both cases must be left alone.

Having disposed of the heavens in this manner, Mr. Lane thinks himself entitled to propound an entirely new mundane theory, which we recommend to the attention of the Dean of Westminster and the Dean of York, who, in *Saurian* or *Suarian* contest, have renewed the times of York and (Westminster *pro*) Lancaster. "Human being (broacheth the philosophical and learned Vegetarian) is not only amphibious, but triphibious. We are able to live in the air, in the water, or in the mud below the water; that is to say, in the spiritual, intellectual, and animal worlds. So much of our being as is passed in one condition is lost to the other. Something certainly must be conceded to the animal or lower life, more to the intellectual, but most to the spiritual; for goodness is more important to the end of our being than knowledge, and knowledge is more important than mere animal life." About the three possible modes of life here laid down, we have our doubts. Living in the air and not on it is the grand Agricultural and Protectionist problem: the first may be health, the last is not longevity. Flesh-fishified, living in the water, strictly speaking, we hold to be only a Thames Tunnel puff or sopism, though we have known people really to live all their lives in hot water. As for the living in mud, it is a low lark, and discreditable falsity. "The muddy vesture of decay" would soon cover Mr. Lane, or any one who tried it. Our old schoolboy pseudo-latin was to the point—

"Inmudellis,
Inclanoniis;"

and men who endeavoured to live in mud like eels, would soon be of the *none* is description in clay.

At the penultimate page we have a concluding specimen of the writer's ex-cabbage et caulifloresco superior metaphysical clearness and superiority of intellect, over the gross devourers of saddles and sirloins. Every page of his pamphlet has gone to prove (as our references show) that flesh food irritates and brutalizes man. But as with the traveller at the satyr's hut, it blows both hot and cold; for we are assured (p. 47) that "Vegetable diet does not, like animal food, produce a somnolent state, but contribute[s] (oh lively, yet serene Lane!) to an undisturbed state of soul and association with the divinity." It should have been divinities, for the Pagan Vertumnus, Pomona, Pan, the God of Gardens, &c., are the Gods for Vegetarian association, and not the Christian Omnipotent, who has made, and shown, by every analogy in creation, not to urge Divine precept and command, all things to be for the use of His image, Man. But only think of the above simile confession, that, instead of all its imputed horrid effects, animal food only makes us sleepy!

Yet with these men we must observe the Bible is a fable, and worse entreated than by the veriest Infidel or Atheist. If they are right, it is wrong throughout. Let them settle that—we will have nothing to do with the polemical bearings of the greens and sprouts doctrines. They may worship a Cabbage Stock if they like. We cannot but regret that Mr. Lane was not a partner with Mr. Drouet in the child-farming establishment at Tooting, where the vegetable system appears to have fallen short of

* And speaking of nettles we may note, that we have so little objection to a large infusion of vegetable in our feeding, that we have even eaten nettle tops, and hop tops, and turnip tops, with satisfaction. And then tea, and coffee, and of all *coccolith* preparations, theobroma, for refreshment, are such favourites with us, that the first for morning, the second for after dinner, and the last for a mid-day cup, have our vote and applause.—Ed. L.G.

being sufficiently carried out. Had he been a partner, there would have been no Butcher, there might have been no cholera. Cholera, we imagine from the author, would not dare to attack a Vegetarian in England, though a million of Hindoos have succumbed to it in India; there it is the watery rice, here it is the carnival vice.

All extremes lead to folly and nonsense; and we trust, though not without some gravity of reasoning, that what we have said on this subject will be considered only in the light of a levity suited to the occasion: and in that humour we shall conclude.

Judge Nicholson, of Garriek's Head notoriety, in the *work* before us, (fifteen pages, Tom Thumb size,) has not only quoted the opinion of this Journal in favour of his "boiled beef," but published a (private?) poem in general panegyric upon it and its accompaniments in that tavern, with our personal signature attached to it. Now we would submit to the Judge that this was an illegal and improper proceeding. If we ever had tasted the beef, we might have said more for it in the truth than has been thus apocryphally attributed to us; but we altogether repudiate the poetry, beginning—

"Come with me, and we will go."

It is not in our style at all; and then there is a eulogy on cigars, which every one who knows or reads us must have detected to be a forgery. We forgive the squib: there is more common sense in it (No. 2) than in the Dietetics (No. 1).

No. 3 is a curious book. Brought to light the year before *Literary Gazette* was born of Colburn and committed to us to Nurse, and thence matured into manly literary strength by Us, it came not (as Lane would say) reeking from the shambles into our quiet and flower-scented study. It is full of very odd matter, brought together to demonstrate the personal respectability of Butchers (far from being the most imposing or discreditable trade in London*); and to afford from Holy Writ and reason full warrant for the exercise of their "bloody business" (*Macbeth*). "Be a good child (said a butcher's wife to a fractious three-year-old, in our hearing a long time ago, in order to pacify it) and it shall have a lamb to kill itself—it shall." Now there was no innate cruelty in this, more than in Mr. Lane and his friends crunching a score of grubs when they are grubbing on coss-lettuce. When a man begins to doubt the morality of cracking a flea, he deserves one in his ear, and to be kept aloof from cleanly people. Let the insects *flea*, and his fellow-creatures *flee* him.

Then there is a sort of subterfuge disloyalty in this Vegetarian movement; and we must watch its representatives in Parliament. The Cattle-shows are patronized by Prince Albert, who gains lots of prizes for breeding animals for butchery and cookery. Eminent noblemen of the aristocracy, and a host of the squirearchy all pursue a similar course (proclaiming that it is good for Bull and the Constitution!); but look per contra at the sly, designing Vegetarians, who must in their insidious way thus be striking a dangerous blow at the Prince, the Peerage, and the great landed Proprietors. They are democrats and republicans, and only aim at destroying the existing state of things, and plunging the country into chaos. For only mark: in their conspiracy to put an end to, and running a-muck against, flesh eating, how much property they would destroy, and how many trades, and how much labour they would annihilate, without telling us how they proposed to provide for the millions they would thus throw out of employment, means, and bread. What is to be done with all the population so idleized and pauperized:—the butchers, skimmers, curriers, tanners, saddlers, shoemakers, drovers, carriage-builders, bridle-cutters, stirrup-makers, collar-makers, cattle salesmen, hide and skin

* On the contrary, we are inclined to believe the Butchers to be about the most honest dealers in provisions in London. No doubt, like their confederates, they will charge when and where they can; but the value of their goods is more appreciable even to the common eye than those of the baker, confectioner, cheesemonger, grocer, wine merchant, brewer, and others, which may be adulterated to any invisible extent. Hence any experienced housekeeper may always know how to market pretty fairly with a Butcher.

merchants, leather dealers, bookbinders, bristle (not Bristol) merchants, bone-dealers, and all trades dependent on the material, such as comb-makers, &c., lard manufacturers, violin (string) makers, chimney sweepers, (with engines and not climbing boys or ducks and geese,) ham and tongue dealers, and sausage makers and sellers, not to mention a multitude of others, with all the connected and reciprocating trades bound up with them; graziers, fell-mongers, upholsterers, glovers, woollen-drappers, supply contractors for the navy (and how the navy itself is to be provided, we cannot, in imagination, "realize" Jack going aloft with a radish or a parsnip in his mouth: on such fare it would have been Nelson of the *Nil*, for frogs and soupe maigre are better than these any how), lawyers (as far as parchment went, but the rascals would take to paper), drummers, besides parts and branches of all other trades.* Why, there would be more people cut off from the means of earning even a vegetable meal, than Charles Lane or Louis Blanc could manage to pacify for six weeks out of all the fortunes of their crippled Vegetarian instructors.

In finishing, we shall barely hint at Mr. Lane's disloyalty. We will only put it to him if eating of meat be so confessedly *Im-moral*, what dares he to say aloud of the feeding of *Bal-moral*?

BIOGRAPHY.

Sir George Warrender.—We deeply regret to announce the death of Sir George Warrender, on Wednesday, in Upper Berkeley-street, at the age of 68. Few men have filled a more marked place in political, literary, and social circles, than the Right Honourable Baronet, whose kindness and hospitalities made him many friends among the various classes who enjoyed the pleasure of his intercourse. In office and in parliament he displayed much ability and sound sense; in his countenance of literature (especially among the humbler aspirants of his native Scotland) he was warm and liberal; and in his sphere of private life his name was synonymous with refined and intellectual association. In him we have lost an old and esteemed friend; to whose memory we shall probably devote some interesting anecdotes and recollections.

Edward Forster, Esq., F.R.S., and Vice President of the Linnæan Society, died on the 21st, in his eighty-fourth year. He was long and extensively known to, and highly esteemed in, the world of science.

Prince Waldemar of Prussia died last week at Munster, having suffered long from a malady brought on by a fall from his horse. His gallantry in India, where he fought by the side of the British, at Sobraon, will be fresh in the remembrance of our readers; but his right to a notice here is, that he was at that period engaged in a scientific expedition, the

* We have not mentioned the numerous race of shepherds, ostlers, grooms, coachmen, ploughmen, jockies, stable keepers, veterinary surgeons, cavalry, mine workers, carriers, postmen, because the Vegetarians have not stated whether they, in return for the universal life they accord to the brute creation, to coerce them into every severity of toll, by way of making their lives useful and agreeable. The substitution of slavery to the strong for the present condition of all, with lives shortened for the support of mankind, would be another point of view to puzzle common sense and philanthropy.

† Since penning the foregoing, we rejoice to see that parliament is not blind to the importance of the subject; and may, perhaps, call Mr. Lane to the Bar of the House or Kitchen. We read in the report of its earliest proceedings, that "on the motion of Mr. Stafford the following gentlemen were appointed a Standing Committee to control the arrangement of the kitchen and the refreshment-rooms in the department of the Sergeant-at-Arms:—Mr. Stafford, Mr. Alderman Humphrey, the Earl of Mulgrave, Captain Berkeley, Mr. Hastie, Lord Marcus Hill, and Mr. Vesey Dawson." For excellent dinners there seems to be immense judgment in this selection. The country will take care of the supplies of fresh provisions; the stout Alderman, that Southwark is not behind London in gastronomic greatness; the young Lord will see to fine lively fish from his seaport; the Captain to the cheese; the Glasgow member to the relishes of Scotland; and the Irish member, that the famine of Ireland shall not prevent the importations of poultry, pork, and other delicacies: whilst the Treasurer of her Majesty's Household will combine the whole, so as to produce banquets not inferior to Royal. What will the Vegetarian members do when they dine with the Speaker?

results of which have been preparing for publication in Germany. The Prince was only thirty-two years old.

Mr. Peter Marrow, of Liverpool, destroyed himself by poison last week, and a verdict of *felo de se* was found by the inquest. His remains were consequently buried at night without a ceremony or prayer, in the parish burial-ground. He was the author of the *The Dule upo' Dun*, and other tales of considerable merit. The *dule* of his own destiny, the most affecting and melancholy of them all!

VARIETIES.

A Watch Swivel.—We have had submitted to us an ingenious simplification of what is called a swivel, the little connecting link between the neck or other chain, and the watch. The one in general use is, as

is well known, a jointed ring, the end of which closing in a stem is secured by a circular screw. The improved swivel is a loop, proceeding from a barrel in which a small portion of it, diagonally divided, acts upon a spring, representing, as it were, a section of a valve. Press the watch-ring upon the valve and it passes and is safe; it can only be released by similar external pressure. Here, then, is simplicity and security, and what more can be desired in a watch swivel?

The hypercritical may answer, a slighter make: this perhaps is possible, but we confess to being so much pleased with the invention, that we have procured the adjoined wood cut to illustrate our description. It exhibits a double looped swivel, the one closed upon the watch, the other with the valve open, which instantly the chain ring is slipped in shuts by the force of the compressed cylindrical spring. Since ordering the woodcut and writing the above, we have seen this "enclosed cylindrical spring swivel" in an oval and circular form, the latter a decided improvement. It is applied too, we hear, to the Breguet key; and to be adapted to hunting-chains, key-rings, &c. In regard to security, we may here say that only by a pressure like that of the thumb-nail can the watch be removed.

United Service Institution.—Mr. Simms (of the firm of Messrs. Troughton and Simms) has presented to the United Service Institution a reflecting circle and a Hadley sextant, both of the manufacture of Bird, the most eminent instrument maker of his time (1760). The graduations on these instruments have been effected by the method invented by the maker, which preceded the invention of the dividing engine by Ramsden, and when it is considered that Bird's instrument was a beam compass, the correctness and beauty are really surprising. These instruments were for some time previous to being presented to this institution the property of the late Mr. E. Troughton, and who assured the donor that they had been round the world with Captain Cook, but from no memorandum having been made at the time, the fact of their having served on so memorable a voyage cannot receive its due authentication. They may however serve as records of the progress of instrument making, and although they ranked at one time among the first class of nautical instruments, they contrast amusingly with the light and handy instruments of the present day. Their weight was evidently too great to be supported by the arm of any observer; and it will be seen that the staff, which terminates in a ball and socket for the purpose of inclining the plane of the instrument, could have its lower end dropped either into a rail of the ship's bulwarks or into a socket fastened to a leather belt buckled round the waist; with this additional support the instrument can be easily managed.



The Philanthropic Society, whose judicious and benevolent proceedings we have had such frequent occasion to record, has received a donation of 200*l.* from the Goldsmiths' Company, towards the support of the Farm School at Redhill, near Riegate, for the reformation and industrial training of a portion of the boys on the establishment in St. George's Fields; and Prince Albert has appointed the 30th of April for laying the foundation-stone of the buildings at Redhill.

The Cure of Stammering by Mr. Hunt has so often commanded our especial consideration, that we are gratified to find the success of his simple and efficacious system (almost without a failure, as we have witnessed for a number of years) is in the course of being marked by a public testimonial from a grateful band of the pupils he has taught to relieve themselves from these painful embarrassments, and enabled to take a very different position in life from that which such impediments imposed.

Royal Academy.—Mr. Westmacott, the sculptor, and son of Sir R. Westmacott, whose long career in Art, and as a member of the Academy, offers so fine an example to any successor, has been elected a Royal Academician, in the room of Mr. R. Reinagle, resigned.

Herr Labitzky, whose compositions in the chief capitals of Europe enjoy such deserved popularity, has, we hear, determined on an immediate visit to London, bringing with him the *élite* of his celebrated orchestra from Carlsbad, where the reputation they have gained by performing his splendid waltzes, &c., is second to no instrumental performance in the world. St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, and Prague, &c., have been delighted with their performances for seasons past, and we are sure that in London his success will be fully as great.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Adam's Warnings of the Holy Week, third edition, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Aeschylus of Euripides, translated into English verse by Rev. J. Banks, 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
 Allie's (J. W.) Journal in France, 1845 and 1846, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
 Arnold's (Rev. J. K.) Handbook of Ancient Geography and History, 12mo, cloth, 6s. 6d.
 Artizan, 1845, cloth, 14s.
 Bamford's (S.) Early Days, foolscap, cloth, 4s.
 Barne's (E. P., Esq.) Electoral Laws of Belgium, foolscap, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Browning's (C. A.) Convict Ship, fourth edition, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Cameron's (Rev. C.) Infallible Way to Contentment, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
 Conkley's Pindar, part III, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Croesley's Builder's Price Book, post 8vo, sewed, 4s.
 Davidson's Virgil, Literal Translation, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Dobson's (Rev. W.) Selections for Composition, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
 Drummond's (J. S.) Observations on Natural System of Botany, 12mo, 3s.
 Emigrant Family; or Story of an Australian Settler, 3 vols. post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.
 Froude's (J. A.) Nemesis of Faith, post 8vo, cloth, 6s.
 Harold, by Sir E. B. Lytton, 3 vols, third edition, £1 11s. 6d.
 Hook's Ecclesiastical Biography, vol. 5, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
 Humboldt's Cosmos, Sabine's translation, fourth edition, 2 vols, square, sewed, 5s.
 James (G. P. R.) The Forger, 3 vols, post 8vo, boards, second edition, £1 11s. 6d.
 Jelfs (W. E.) Appendix to Greek Grammar, 12mo, 3s.
 Johnson's (Dr. E.) Hydropathy, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Kinsey's (Rev. M.) Sermons, post 8vo, 7s.
 Ladies' Album of Needlework, new edition, 4to, 5s.
 Madden's (W. H., M.D.) Thoughts on Pulmonary Consumption, post 8vo, cloth, 5s.
 Martin's (G. A.) The Undercliff of the Isle of Wight, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
 (W.) Early Educator, 18mo, room, 4s.
 Marriott's Reflections on Reading Epistle to Romans, 12mo, cloth, 3s.
 Mary Barton, 2 vols, post 8vo, cloth, third edition, 18s.
 Montgomery's (Robert) Christian Life, second edition, 12mo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Oxford University Calendar, 1849, 12mo, boards, 6s.
 Percival's Lameness in the Horse, part I, vol. 4, 8vo, boards, 21s.
 Pope's (The) Cabinet Unlocked, post 8vo, sewed, 2s. 6d.
 Prescott's Conquest of Peru, 2 vols, third edition, 8vo, cloth, £1 12s.

- Remembrance of Bonchurch, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Sermons by Modern Divines, Essay by Rev. J. A. Pemberton, 12mo, cloth, 5s. 6d.
 Sharpe's Magazine, vol. 8, 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
 Sleight's (W.) Voice from the Dumb, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
 Smart's Horace, Literal Translation, 18mo, cloth, 3s.
 with Latin interspersed, 18mo, 4s.
 Smith's (E. M.) Mosca Lambert; or a Dead Done has an End, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Street's (A. B.) Frontenac, a Poem, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
 Student's Aid to Catechetical Analysis of Old and New Testament, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
 Stone's Practices of Petty Sessions, fifth edition, 12mo, cloth, 8s.
 Syrian Noble; or Believe and be Healed, 18mo, cloth, 3s.
 Taylor's (Jane) Q. Q. 12mo, cloth, 6s.
 Waddell's (P. H.) Sojourn of a Sceptic, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
 Wordsworth's (C.) Catechesis, post 8vo, 5s. 6d.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1849.	h. m. s.	1849.	h. m. s.
Feb. 24	12 13 27.6	Feb. 28	12 12 46.4
25	13 18.4	Mar. 1	12 34.7
26	13 5.3	2	12 22.4
27	12 57.6		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Contents of the monthly part for February: in reviews, with copious illustrative extracts, the *Life*, &c., of Nelson; California (a general view from six new publications); Macfarlane's Revolutionary Italy; Ferguson on the Beauties of Art; Antiquities; The Yankee Tongue; Memoirs of Lord Londonderry; the Slave Trade; Mackay's Western World; Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's Arthur, an Epic; Eliza Cook's collected Poems; Massinger's lost Play; the Doctrine of Epidemical Forces; Robespierre; Dean Swift; the new Novels of the month, and shorter notices, with concise descriptions; new publications on medical and sanitary works, and every subject of general interest.

In original correspondence, the Poetical Hostler, with specimens; and Original Poetry by popular writers. Under the head of arts and sciences, correct accounts of the Aneroid Barometer, with engravings; full abstracts of Professor Owen's discourse on the Nature of Limbs; Professor Faraday's on Crystalline Polarities; and Professor Grove's on Voltaic Ignition (the three important subjects of the period); besides Professor Hurst on Claude's process, and other improvements and discoveries at home and abroad. The meetings of Scientific Bodies are also generally reported.

In the department of literature and learning, a Letter from Cairo; *Horæ Egyptiacæ*, the first of a series of great importance to the settlement of Ancient (including Scriptural) History and Chronology; Reports of the proceedings of the Royal Society of Literature, the Asiatic and Numismatic Societies, the Archaeological Association and Institute; Archaeology in America; the Commission of the British Museum; and the Perils of Antiquarian Pursuits.

In fine arts, the Exhibition at the British Gallery, and all new publications; Mr. Rodd on the Chandos Portrait of Shakespeare, &c. &c.

The foreign correspondence consists of weekly letters from Paris—(this No. an exception)—and notes from all parts of the Continent and Colonies.

The sketches of society have the Arabs in Assyria; Metropolitan Improvements; the Whittington Club; Dietetics, or Meat or no Meat; and original Curiosities of Literature, under its own heading.

Biographical Notices; Critiques on all the Novelties in the Drama; Varieties; List of Meetings, &c. &c. fill up the measure of our February Part—which, we repeat, if printed in 8vo. form, would make a goodly volume.

Jenny Lind.—We were misinformed respecting a statue of this most benevolent songstress, said to be intended for Norwich Cathedral. Indeed, had we reflected a minute on the report, we might have remembered that such a site would be for the dead, and not for the living, however highly entitled to admiration and gratitude.

Hasty-Pudding.—In the last No., page 117, column 1, we might have noted that *Lumpy Jummy* is in other districts called *Lumpy Tumms*.

We are always desirous to answer the inquiries of correspondents, but it is often utterly impossible for us to give the time necessary for the purpose. Thus We cannot answer a subscriber in what No. of the *Gazette* the *Life* and Works of Stothard were alluded to—if in Wine and Walnuts, as he supposes, that series of papers, originally in the *Literary Gazette*, was afterwards published in 3 vols, by Messrs. Longman and Co., and can readily be referred to. Neither can we look back through our volumes to find the date of the notice of John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant; but the *Literary Gazette*, upon proper application, may be consulted in the back parlour at our office, for any information sought for literary or scientific ends.

Poetical Statistics of twenty-four publications are postponed to make room for the new Hostler Candidate; and the reports of the Geological Society, and Society of Civil Engineers, are also deferred.

Late correspondents, and others, who find no mention here, shall have communications (where needful) by letter.

Erratum.—In last notice to correspondents, page 118, for *Leaway* read *Leeway*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, CIRQUE NATIONAL DE PARIS, LAST WEEK BUT TWO.

EVERY EVENING, Grand Equestrian Performances—Second Time of the Celebrated Hope Dancer, M. Bosca—the extraordinary Match of the 26 Vaulters—the Fete of Flowers—the Gigantic Heads &c. &c. Commence at Eight o'clock.
 Grand Morning Performances every Wednesday and Friday; commence at Two o'clock.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

The ART of MAGIC illustrated and explained in LECTURES, by Mr. Shaw, late Partner with M. D'Auigney, daily, at a Quarter to Four, and every Evening at Nine. Dr. Ryan's Lecture on the CHEMISTRY of the BREAKFAST TABLE, in which Mr. Moore's Patented Process for PRESERVING MILK for LONG VOYAGES will be explained, daily, at a Quarter to Three o'clock. Dr. Bachofner's ILLUSTRATIONS on ASTRONOMY, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at One o'clock. LECTURES on the VENTILATING of MINES, &c., by means of the STEAM JET. A VIEW in the GOLD DISTRICT of CALIFORNIA is added to the NEW DISSOLVING VIEWS. NEW CHROMATROPE, MACHINERY and MODELS explained, &c. &c. The Music is directed by Dr. Wallis.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.—Incorporated by Royal Charter.—The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will CLOSE NEXT MONTH.—Each PRIZEHOLDER at the Annual Distribution will be entitled to SELECT for HIMSELF a WORK of ART as heretofore. Every Subscriber will receive for each guinea an impression of a Line Engraving by F. Lightfoot, after W. E. Frost, A. R. A.—SABINA—a proof of which may now be seen at the Office, and, in addition to this, an Engraving after a design in his relief, for which a premium of £100 has been offered by the Society. 444, West Strand, Feb. 1849.

GEORGE GODWIN, } Honorary
 LEWIS POOCK, } Secretaries.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.—THE GALLERY for the EXHIBITION of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five. Admission 1s. Catalogue 1s.

GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF CHEMISTRY, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

The PRACTICAL COURSE of INSTRUCTION in this Institution is under the Direction of Dr. A. W. HOFMANN and Assistants. The NEXT SESSION will commence on WEDNESDAY, the 7th of MARCH, and end on TUESDAY, the 31st of JULY next. The Fee for Students, working every day during the Session, is £15 0 0
 " " " " Four days in the week " " 12 0 0
 " " " " Three days " " 10 0 0
 " " " " Two days " " 7 0 0
 " " " " One day " " 4 0 0
 Hours of Attendance from Nine to Five.

Further particulars may be obtained on application to the Secretary, WILLIAM JOHNSON, Secretary.

PROFESSOR FARADAY'S PORTRAIT.

M. CLAUDET has just published a PORTRAIT of the above distinguished individual, taken from a daguerrotype: price—first proof, 10s. 6d.; proofs, 7s. 6d.; prints, 5s. This portrait was exhibited at the last soirée of the Royal Institution, and was greatly admired by the members and visitors present. M. Claudet's daguerrotype portraits have already served for the publications of the admirable likenesses of the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Richmond, Lord George Bentinck, Dr. Chalmers, and many other distinguished personages. M. Claudet intends to continue the publication of his Gallery of Portraits of the most eminent men of the age, from a collection of daguerrotypes he has taken during the last 10 years, and which is constantly increasing. To be had of M. Claudet, at his daguerrotype establishment, 18, King William Street, Charing Cross, and Colosseum, Regent's Park; Ackermann and Co., Strand; and the principal publishers.

CURE OF STAMMERING.—MR. HUNT

begs to announce that he has returned to his London residence, No. 224, Regent Street, for the season. A Prospectus, containing Testimonials, &c., of Cures effected at different periods during the last twenty-two years, will be sent, on application as above, to any part of the kingdom, free of expense.

Mr. Hunt attends Pupils at Swanage, Dorset, during the months of July, August, and September.
 224, Regent Street, January 30, 1849.

HENDRIE'S PATENT PETROLENE SOAP

has realized in practice all the promised beneficial effects on excoriations and eruptive affections of the cuticle. The "COSMETIC PETROLENE SOAP," for the habitual use of the toilet, is found to have an agreeable demulcent influence on the hands, and on the most delicate skin; or in the nursery, for infants. The "PETROLENE SHAVING SOAP" is peculiarly bland and balsamic, allaying the irritation felt in the employment of the ordinary alkaline soaps.

This detergent antiseptic, with addition of perfume, named "DISINFECTANT SOAP," is prepared for inveterate cuticular affections of long standing; and, from experience in several public schools, where it has been employed in washing children's heads, it has proved an efficient specific for, and a complete protection against, the troublesome complaint known as ringworm.

The Disinfectant Soap, being at a moderate price, is available for all classes, and is used with great success in purifying linen after infectious diseases; indeed, the use of it may, in many cases of typhus and other contagious, be considered a beneficial antidote.

R. HENDRIE.

PERFUMER TO HER MAJESTY.
 12 AND 13, TICHBORNE STREET, REGENT'S QUADRANT.

ED. J. DENT, by distinct appointments, Watch and Clock Maker to the Queen, H. R. H. Prince Albert, and H. I. M. the Emperor of Russia, having greatly increased his stock of WATCHES and CLOCKS to meet the purchases made at this season of the year, most respectfully requests from the public an inspection of his various assortments. Ladies' gold watches, with gold dials, and jewelled in four holes, 8s. each; gentlemen's ditto, enamel dials, 10s. 6s.; youths' silver watches, 4s. 6s.; substantial and accurately going silver lever watches, jewelled in four holes, 6s. 6s.; J. DENT, 25, Strand; 28, Cockspur Street; and 24, Royal Exchange (Clock-Tower Area).

WESTERN LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY SOCIETY, 3, PARLIAMENT STREET, LONDON.

Messrs. Cocks, Biddulph, and Co., Charing Cross.
In addition to the ordinary plans of Life Assurance, this Society possesses several features which present peculiar and important advantages to the public.
Attention is specially invited to the rates of Annuity granted to Old Lives, for which ample security is provided by the large capital of the Society.

EXAMPLES.—£100 cash paid down, purchases—
An Annuity of £10 4 0 to a Male Life aged 60
— 12 3 1 — 65 Payable as long
— 14 6 3 — 70 as he is alive.
— 18 11 10 — 75

The Annuities are payable HALF-YEARLY; and the first half-year's Annuity is paid six months after the purchase-money is received. All expenses of the Annuity deed are defrayed by the Society.
Information, free of expense, can be obtained from

A. SCRATCHLEY, Actuary.

UNITED KINGDOM LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—8, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London; 87, George Street, Edinburgh; 15, St. Vincent Place, Glasgow; 4, College Green, Dublin.

SECOND SEPTENNIAL DIVISION OF PROFITS.

This Company, established by Act of Parliament in 1834, affords the most perfect security in a large paid-up capital, and in the great success which has attended it since its commencement, its annual income being upwards of £294,000.

In 1841 the Company added a bonus of £2 per cent. per annum on the sum insured to all policies of the participating class from the time they were effected to the 31st December, 1840, and from that date to 31st December, 1847, £2 1/2 per cent. per annum was added at the General Meeting on 6th July, 1848.

The bonus thus added to policies from March, 1834, to the 31st of December, 1847, is as follows:—

Sum Assured.	Time Assured.	Sum added to Policy in 1841.	Sum added to Policy in 1848.	Sum payable at Death.
£	13 yrs. 10 mts.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
5000	12 years	683 6 8	787 10 0	6470 16 8
4000	10 years	500 0 0	787 10 0	6257 10 0
3000	8 years	300 0 0	787 10 0	6087 10 0
2000	6 years	100 0 0	787 10 0	5887 10 0
1000	4 years	675 0 0	5675 0 0
500	2 years	450 0 0	5450 0 0
250	1 year	225 0 0	5225 0 0

The premiums, nevertheless, are on the most moderate scale, and only one half need be paid for the first five years where the insurance is for life. No entrance money or charge except the policy stamp. Every information will be afforded on application to the Resident Director, No. 8, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, London.

GREAT BRITAIN MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY. INDIA AND LONDON LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, 14, Waterloo Place, and 52, King William Street, City.

Chairman—The Chisholm.
Deputy Chairman—Richard Hartley Kennedy, Esq.

GREAT BRITAIN MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.
This Society is established upon the most approved principles of the mutual system, and allows credit for half the amount of the first five annual premiums.
The first division of profits will be in the year 1849.
Proposals of every description entertained involving the contingency of human life.

INDIA AND LONDON LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Capital, £250,000, in 5000 Shares of £50 each.
This Company assures the lives of healthy persons in any part of the world, at as low rates of premium as can be taken consistent with perfect security, whilst, for the accommodation of the assured, a half-premium table (No. 2) has been constructed on a plan peculiar to this office, and affording greater advantages to parties assuring for short periods, with the option of continuing for the remainder of life. Also invalid lives, whether afflicted with mental or bodily infirmities.
And lives of naval and military officers and civilians in India, in any of the colonies, or other parts of the world.
Annuities granted, and endowments for widows and children.
A. R. IRVINE, Manager, 14, Waterloo Place.

VICTORIA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, 18, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY, Established 1838.

Trustees—Benjamin Hawes, Esq.; Chas. Baldwin, Esq.; Thos. Nesbit, Esq.

The Directors solicit attention to their new Prospectus *Almanack* for the present year, in which the peculiar advantages offered by the Company to assurers are fully explained.

On Policies taken out for the whole term of life, one-third of the premium may remain unpaid till death, or one-half may remain on credit for five years. Extended permission to travel or reside abroad is granted, and a new scale of extra premiums for foreign risks is published.

Four-fifths, or 80 per cent. of the profits are appropriated to assurers entitled to share therein.

Advances are made to assurers on assignable property or income, and also on the guarantee of most undoubted personal sureties.

WILLIAM RATTRAY, Actuary & Secretary.

PALLADIUM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—Established 1824.

DIRECTORS.

Captain C. John Bonquet, R.N. Right Hon. Sir T. Fremantle
Robert Chere, Esq., F.R.S. James Murray, Esq.
Charles Elliott, Esq., F.R.S. Samuel Skinner, Esq.
Joseph Ednaile, Esq. Patrick Colquhoun, Esq., LL.D.
William A. Guy, M.D. Philip Rose, Esq.
Henry Harvey, Esq., F.R.S.

Physician—Seth Thompson, M.D.

NEW RATES OF PREMIUM.—The Directors of this Society, with the view of meeting the wishes of the large class of persons who prefer the recent Advantages of Reduced Premiums to a prospective bonus in the shape of an addition to their Policies, have constructed a new Scale, based on the safest and most approved data—viz., the Experience Tables recently compiled by a Committee of Actuaries, from the records of seventeen of the leading London offices.

The Society now offers the following advantages:—
The lowest Scale of Premium which can be safely adopted.

EXAMPLES TO ASSURE £100.

Age.	For One Year.	For Seven Years.	For Whole Life.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
20	10 15 11	0 16 6	1 13 1
30	0 18 8	0 19 5	2 2 10
40	1 2 8	4 10 2	2 18 7

Other ages at proportionate rates.

Undoubted security, guaranteed by a large capital, an influential proprietary, the long standing of the office, and the satisfactory results of its business.

Facility in the settlement of claims.
Liberty to travel in any part of Europe, without extra premium.

Loans equivalent to the value of the policy granted.
To those who desire to secure the advantages of a prospective bonus, by a small additional outlay, the deed of settlement assigns Four-fifths of the Profits.

Bonuses may be commuted for equivalent reductions of premium at the option of the assured, by which arrangement the amount originally assured may be kept up at a continually decreasing cost.

Insurances effected on joint as well as on single lives, for short terms or otherwise, and to meet any specific contingency.

Premiums may be paid in one sum, or in any other equitable manner, to meet the convenience of the public.

The age of the life assured is admitted on the policy at the time of effecting the assurance, or at any other time, on production of satisfactory proof.

Every information and assistance will be given to assurers, either at the offices, No. 7, Waterloo Place, London; or by the Society's agents, established in all principal towns.

J. LODGE, Secretary and Actuary.

THE LONDON INDISPUTABLE LIFE POLICY COMPANY.

Incorporated by Act of Parliament.
UPON THE PRINCIPLE OF MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.
No. 31, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

TRUSTEES.

John Campbell Renton, Esq. Richard Spooner, Esq., M.P.
M.P. James Fuller Madox, Esq.
Richard Mallins, Esq. William Wilberforce, Esq.

DIRECTORS.

W. Adams, Esq. John Hamilton, Esq.
John Atkins, Esq. James Fuller Madox, Esq.
John Dangerfield, Esq. John Matthews, Esq.
Robt. Henry Foreman, Esq. Charles O. Farnell, Esq.

AUDITORS.

George Cunningham, Esq. Samuel Field, Esq.
James Turner, Esq. William Grimes Kell, Esq.

MEDICAL ADVISER.

Benjamin Phillips, Esq., F.R.S.

BANKERS.

Messrs. Spooner, Attwood, and Co.

THE POLICIES are INDEFEASIBLE and INDISPUTABLE, the Company being prohibited, by the 8th clause of their Deed of Constitution, which is duly registered in terms of the Act, from putting a Policy upon any ground whatever.

The usual Commission allowed to Solicitors, and also to persons, approved by the Board, who extend the business of Life Assurance in connexion with this Company.

ALEX. ROBERTSON, Manager.

ASYLUM DOMESTIC & FOREIGN LIFE OFFICE.

No. 72, Cornhill. Established in 1824, for

INVALID and HEALTHY LIVES, and OFFICERS and OTHERS TRAVELLING OR RESIDENT ABROAD.

The Board of Directors assemble twice a week.

Chairman—Lieut.-Gen. Sir James Law Lushington, G.C.B.
Deputy Chairman—Charles William Hallatt, Esq.

TO EQUITABLE POLICY HOLDERS.

The ASYLUM COMPANY originated in 1827 the System of Equitable Bonus Assurance for 1830, thence continued to 1840, and now current for 1850. The facility has recently been added of securing the approaching Bonus without any actual outlay in case of premature death, and of deferring the outlay to Survivors until after the Bonus shall be declared.

ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THE ASYLUM.

Low Premiums for every year of life.
ASCENDING SCALES, commencing at a very reduced rate.
ALTERNATIVE, one-third of premium remaining unpaid.
INVALIDS insured at rates adapted to circumstances.
NAVAL and MILITARY OFFICERS may pay a rate varying with Climate and Service, or a fixed rate for all parts of the world.
FORMALITIES WAIVED, so that in certain cases the ordinary references may be dispensed with.
Full explanation, on written or personal application.

GEO. FARREN, Esq., Resident Director.

MEDICAL, INVALID, and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

25, PALL MALL, LONDON.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.

At the last ANNUAL MEETING, held on the 30th November 1848, it was shown that the business of this Society had materially increased during the past year: 608 new policies were issued, yielding in annual premiums £2769 12s.

A bonus was also declared, by which nearly 2 per centum per annum was added to all the participating policies. The following abstract will show the effect of this bonus on healthy lives, and on one of the most numerous class of diseased lives:—

Bonus to Policies issued on Healthy Lives at the ages of

30.				60.			
No. of annual premiums paid.	Sum Assured.	Bonus added.	Sum now payable.	No. of annual premiums paid.	Sum Assured.	Bonus added.	Sum now payable.
	£	s. d.	£ s. d.		£	s. d.	£ s. d.
7	10.0	114 15 9	1114 15 9	7	1000	195 19 4	4 1195 19 4
4	1000	65 11 11	1065 11 11	4	1000	111 19 7	7 1111 19 7
1	1000	16 12 2	1016 12 2	1	1000	27 6 5	1027 6 5

Bonus to Policies issued on Consumptive Lives at the ages of

30.				50.			
No. of annual premiums paid.	Sum Assured.	Bonus added.	Sum now payable.	No. of annual premiums paid.	Sum Assured.	Bonus added.	Sum now payable.
7	1000	175 17 1	1175 17 1	7	1000	254 15 3	1254 15 3
4	1000	105 6 8	1105 6 8	4	1000	150 15 3	1150 15 3
1	1000	27 13 9	1027 13 9	1	1000	39 4 9	1039 4 9

Copies of the last Annual Report, Forms of Proposal, &c., sent free on application to FRANCIS G. F. NELSON, Actuary, 25, Pall Mall, London.

GLOBE INSURANCE, PALL MALL and CORNHILL, LONDON.

DIRECTORS.

Edward Goldsmid, Esq., Chairman.
William Tite, Esq., F.R.S., Deputy-Chairman.
George Carr Glyn, Esq., M.P., Treasurer.

Henry Alexander, Esq. Boyd Miller, Esq.
John S. Browning, Esq. Sheffield Neave, Esq.
Boyes Combe, Esq. Fowler Neesam, Esq.
Thomas M. Combs, Esq. William Phillimore, Esq.
William Dent, Esq. W. H. C. Plowden, Esq., M.P.
James W. Freshfield, Esq., F.R.S. John Foynder, Esq.
Sir L. L. Goldsmid, Bart., F.R.S. Robert Saunders, Esq.
Robert Hawthorn, Esq. Sir Walter Stirling, Bart.
John Hodgson, Esq. Wm. Thompson, Esq., Ald., M.P.
Richard Lambert Jones, Esq. Henry J. Wheeler, Esq.
Robert Locke, Esq. Benjamin G. Windus, Esq.

Established 1805, for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE, and ASSURANCE, and the POSSESSIONS of REVERSIONS and LIFE CONTINGENCIES.

CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING.

The whole paid up and invested, and entirely independent of the amount of premiums received.

Insurances may be effected on Single Lives, on Joint Lives, and on the contingency of one life surviving another.

Insurances for short or limited periods may be effected at reduced rates, and with the least practicable delay.

By Order of the Board,

JOHN CHARLES DENHAM, Secretary.

BRITANNIA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Capital—ONE MILLION.

This Institution is empowered by a Special Act of Parliament, 4 Vict. cap. 9, and is so constituted as to afford the benefits of Life Assurance in their fullest extent to policy holders, and to present greater facilities and accommodation than are usually offered to the public.

The ample Subscribed Capital, together with the large and continually increasing fund, accumulated from the premiums on upwards of 8000 Policies, affords complete security to the assured: whilst the magnitude of the Company's transactions has enabled the Directors to offer unusual advantages to policy holders, as will be seen by reference to the prospectus, and to the varied and extensive tables which have been computed with great care and labour, expressly for the use of this Institution.

PETER MORRISON, Resident Director.

1, Princes Street, Bank, London, Oct. 1, 1848.

SALE BY AUCTION.

VERY CHOICE and RARE CHANGER PORTRAITS FROM STOWE.

MESSRS. S. LEIGH SOTHEBY AND CO.
Auctioneers of Literary Property and works of Art, will SELL by AUCTION, on MONDAY, March 5th, and eight following days, at their House, Wellington-street, Strand, the FIRST PORTION of the extensive and valuable COLLECTION of ENGRAVINGS from STOWE HOUSE, Buckinghamshire; comprising the well known series of British and other Portraits, in illustration of the Biographical History of England, by the Rev. J. Granger and the Rev. M. Noble, containing most interesting, rare, and unique productions of Elsted, Delam, Crispin de Pass, Simon de Pass, Broesehoute, Hole, Fairbairn, Hollar, Logan, White, and other engravers, chiefly purchased at the dispersion of the celebrated Collections of Sir James Lake, James Bingley, and Sir Mark Sykes.
Catalogues are now ready, and may be had at the Place of Sale.



ONE THIRD THE FULL SIZE.

THE ANEROID, A NEWLY INVENTED PORTABLE BAROMETER.

The following Tables have been made by two gentlemen, after a comparison of the Aneroid with two of the most expensive and perfect Mercurial Barometers to be found in this country. It should be noticed that, in neither case, did the Aneroid derive any assistance by correction for variable temperature.

TABLE I.

Date. 1848.	Aneroid Barometer.	Mercurial Barometer.	Thermo- meter.	Date. 1848.	Aneroid Barometer.	Mercurial Barometer.	Thermo- meter.
Jan.				Feb.			
6	29.67	29.672	45°	1	29.72	29.702	45°
7	29.52	29.526	45	2	30.11	30.091	42
8	29.58	29.527	46	3	30.33	30.344	46
9	29.94	29.950	44	4	30.12	30.116	45
10	30.14	30.152	42	5	30.07	30.072	50
11	30.31	30.304	41	6	30.02	30.046	54
12	30.39	30.358	42	7	29.97	29.976	54
13	30.26	30.240	45	8	29.83	29.840	52
14	30.18	30.170	47	9	29.04	29.056	51
15	29.86	29.860	48	10	28.93	28.944	50
16	29.91	29.905	41	11	29.84	28.832	48
17	29.59	29.590	45	12	29.83	29.815	50
18	29.39	29.400	44	13	30.02	29.098	51
19	29.34	29.358	44	14	29.81	29.822	52
20	29.74	29.746	41	15	29.43	29.466	52
21	29.98	29.996	42	16	29.66	29.676	49
22	30.00	29.997	42	17	30.18	30.168	48
23	30.02	30.016	41	18	30.38	30.368	46
24	30.29	30.270	41	19	29.69	29.712	42
25	30.32	30.298	40	20	29.28	29.328	48
26	30.03	30.025	38	21	29.72	29.752	45
27	29.98	29.915	34	22	29.40	29.428	50
28	29.79	29.772	35	23	28.92	28.947	49
29	29.87	29.860	36				
30	29.60	29.620	46				
31	29.19	29.190	49				

TABLE II.

Date. 1848.	Aneroid Barometer.	Standard Barometer.	Thermometer. Max. & Min.	Date. 1849.	Aneroid Barometer.	Standard Barometer.	Thermometer. Max. & Min.
Dec.				Jan.			
1	29.400	29.444	43° 34°	3	29.450	29.444	23° 14°
2	29.125	29.178	41 31	4	29.475	29.476	31 18
3	29.575	29.624	45 28	5	29.500	29.540	33 28
4	29.025	29.080	47 32	6	29.762	29.780	33 24
5	28.725	28.800	43 35	7	29.800	29.826	33 19
6	29.025	29.100	48 35	8	29.287	29.312	40 28
7	29.250	29.300	50 39	9	29.225	29.250	41 32
8	29.575	29.624	51 40	10	28.887	28.950	44 34
9	29.912	29.920	49 37	11	28.862	28.960	36 32
10	30.100	30.124	49 37	12	29.850	29.900	40 24
11	29.950	29.964	48 36	13	29.487	29.530	49 29
12	29.975	30.004	50 38	14	29.250	29.316	51 45
13	29.875	29.886	51 43	15	29.775	29.834	40 30
14	29.600	29.600	46 37	16	29.712	29.716	45 28
15	29.612	29.620	50 38	17	29.450	29.520	48 31
16	29.575	29.584	47 38	18	29.762	29.800	47 34
17	29.662	29.670	39 34	19	29.675	29.718	43 40
18	29.650	29.650	44 32	20	29.812	29.836	47 39
19	29.575	29.594	45 40	21	30.000	30.050	48 39
20	29.950	29.950	37 36	22	29.712	29.750	43 40
21	30.112	30.114	26 18	23	30.112	30.132	46 34
22	30.112	30.100	29 18	24	30.175	30.176	47 38
23	30.025	30.024	32 19	25	29.887	29.912	49 41
24	29.862	29.850	32 18	26	29.575	29.600	42 43
25	29.662	29.661	35 24	27	29.719	29.750	40 26
26	29.812	29.802	43 38	28	29.100	29.150	30 32
27	29.940	29.942	47 33	29	29.200	29.250	39 29
28	29.815	29.806	47 32	30	29.900	29.904	40 24
29	30.000	30.006	46 32	31	29.900	29.900	40 36
30	29.890	29.896	45 31				
31	29.895	29.922	39 28				

The price of the ANEROID BAROMETER is Three Guineas, with Engraved divisions to 0.025 Inch, on a Metal Dial Plate, to which is attached a Thermometer indicating Fahrenheit's Scale. The whole packed in an Ornamental Square Box. The above price includes the Pamphlet. If the Pamphlet be required without the Aneroid, the price is One Shilling and Sixpence—if forwarded by Post, Two Shillings.

SOLD BY

EDWARD J. DENT,

By Special Appointment

CHRONOMETER AND CLOCK MAKER TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT; AND
H. I. M. THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

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WILLIAM GLADSTONE, ESQ.

The Committee have the satisfaction to announce that the arrangements for entering on the farm which they have obtained at the Red-hill and Reigate Station, on the Brighton Railway, at Lady-day, being now complete, his Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT has graciously fixed Monday, April 30, for the LAYING the FOUNDATION STONE of the CHAPEL, School, &c., of the Society's new establishment.

The day which Prince Albert has been pleased to fix for converting this mark of his Royal interest in the Society's undertaking, being almost the anniversary of the first institution of the Philanthropic, 61 years ago, and the site of the Farm School, at Red-hill, being so easily and conveniently accessible from the metropolis, and from most parts of Surrey, Kent, and Sussex, the Committee have resolved on celebrating His Royal Highness's visit by a Public Breakfast, to take place after the ceremony of laying the first stone is completed, and they respectfully invite the presence and co-operation of the friends and supporters of the Farm School, that his Royal Highness's kind condescension in thus personally aiding the Society's efforts may be duly acknowledged and responded to.

A list of the noblemen and gentlemen who have consented to act as stewards on the occasion, together with an outline of the proposed proceedings, and of the arrangements for the conveyance of visitors, will be published early in March.

Friends of the Society, who may be kindly disposed to assist the Committee as stewards at the festival, are respectfully requested to communicate their wishes to the Resident Chaplain.

The Committee desire again especially to acknowledge the donation of £1,000, which has enabled them so materially to accelerate the arrangements for the establishment of the farm school. They beg to state that for each such amount contributed or collected, they will be able, through the skillful arrangements adopted in the plans of their architect, Mr. Moffatt, to build an additional house, and accommodate another "family," and will thus be enabled to extend the Society's sheltering care to 60 more of the unfortunate and perverted lads whom they seek to rescue and reform.

The Committee beg to acknowledge the munificent donation of £200 from the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, and of £50 from J. O. Secker, Esq., police magistrate, as also the following contributions, received during the last month.

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Philanthropic, Feb. 20, 1849.

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